

P O E M S.

BY

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

IN

— K

THREE VOLUMES,

WITH LARGE

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

To which is prefixed the life of the Author.

VOLUME I.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WILKES in the STRAND:

M,DCC,LXXVI.

P O E M S

CHARLES CHURCHILL

THE VOLUME



OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

To which is prefixed a list of the Authors

VOLUME

THE VOLUME

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O F

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CONFIDENTIAL

MEMORANDUM

TO : [Illegible]

FROM : [Illegible]

SUBJECT : [Illegible]

1. [Illegible]

2. [Illegible]

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M E M O I R S

OF THE

L I F E

OF THE

Rev. Mr CHARLES CHURCHILL.

[From the Annual Register.]

THIS Gentleman was the son of the Rev. Mr CHARLES CHURCHILL, curate and lecturer of St John's in Westminster. He was also educated in Westminster-school, and received some applause for his abilities from his tutors in that famous seminary. His capacity however was greater than his application; so that he received the character of a boy who could do good if he would. As the slightest accounts of persons so noted are agreeable, it may not be amiss to observe, that having one day got an exercise to make, and, from idleness or inattention, having failed to bring it at the time appointed, his master thought proper to chastise him with some severity, and even reproach his stupidity. What the fear of stripes could not effect, the fear of shame soon produced, and he brought his exercise the next day finished in such a manner, that he received the public thanks of all the masters.

Still, however, it is to be supposed that his progress in the learned languages was but slow, nor is it to be wondered at, if we consider how diffi-

cult it was for a strong imagination, such as he was possessed of, to conform and walk tamely forward in the trammels of a school-education: minds like his are ever starting aside after new pursuits, desirous of embracing a multiplicity of amusing objects, eager to come at the end without the painful investigation of the means; and, if we may borrow a term from the mercantile world, a genius like his, disdaining the painful assiduity of earning knowledge by retail, aimed at being a wholesale dealer in the treasures of literature. This much was necessary to premise, in order to palliate his being refused admittance into the university of Oxford, to which he was sent by his father, for want of proper skill in the learned languages. He has often mentioned his repulse upon that occasion; but whether his justification of himself is to be admitted, we will not undertake to determine. Certain it is, that both he and his companions have often asserted, that he could have answered the college-examination had he thought proper; but he so much despised the trifling questions that were put to him, that instead of making the proper replies, he only launched out in satirical reflections upon the abilities of the gentlemen whose office it was to judge of his.

Be this as it will, Mr Churchill was rejected from Oxford, and probably this might have given occasion to the frequent invectives we find in his works against that most respectable university. Upon his returning from Oxford, he again applied himself to his studies at Westminster school; and

there, at the age of seventeen, contracted an intimacy with the lady to whom he was married, and who still survives him. This was one of those imprudent matches, which generally begin in passion, and end in disgust. However, the beginning of this young couple's regards for each other were mutual and sincere, and so continued for several years after. At the usual age for going into orders, Mr Churchill was ordained by the late bishop of London, notwithstanding he had taken no degree, nor studied in either of our universities; and the first place he had in the church was a small curacy of thirty pounds a-year in Wales. To this remote part of the kingdom he brought his wife; they took a little house, and he went thro' the duties of his station with cheerfulness and assiduity. Happy had it been for him in this life, perhaps more happy in that to which he has been called, if he had still continued here in piety, simplicity, and peace! His parishioners all loved and esteemed him; his sermons, though rather raised above the level of his audience, were however commended and followed. In order to eke out his scanty finances, he entered into a branch of trade which he thought might end in riches, but which involved him in debts that pressed him for some years after: this was no other than keeping a cyder cellar, and dealing in this liquor thro' that part of the country. A poet is but ill qualified for merchandise, where small gains are to be patiently expected, and carefully accumulated. He had neither patience for the one nor oeconomy

for the other; and a sort of rural bankruptcy was the consequence of his attempt.

Upon leaving Wales, he came up to London, and his father soon after dying, he stepped into the church in which he had officiated. In order to improve his scanty finances, which in this situation did not produce full an hundred pounds yearly, he undertook to teach young ladies to read and write English, and was employed for this purpose in the boarding-school of Mrs Dennis, where he behaved with that decency and piety which became his profession. Nor should we here omit paying proper deference to a mode of female education which seems new amongst us. While in other schools our young misses are taught the arts of personal allurements only, this sensible governess pays the strictest attention to the minds of her young pupils, and endeavours to fit them for the domestic duties of life, with as much assiduity as they are elsewhere formed to levity and splendour.

While M. Churchill was in this situation, his method of living bearing no proportion to his income, several debts were contracted in the city, which he was not in a capacity of paying; and a goal, the continual terror of indigent genius, seemed now ready to close upon his miseries. From this wretched state of uneasiness he was relieved by the benevolence of Mr. Lloyd, father to the poet of that name, who paid his debts, or at least satisfied his creditors.

In the mean time, while Mr Lloyd, the father,

REV. MR CH. CHURCHILL.

was thus relieving Churchill by his bounty, Mr Lloyd, the son, began to excite him by his example. *The Actor*, a poetical epistle, written by this gentleman, and addressed to Mr Bonnel Thornton, was read and relished by all the judges of poetical merit, and gave the author a distinguished place among the writers of his age. Mr Churchill soon undertook to write the *Rosciad*, a work, though upon a more confined plan, yet more adapted to excite public curiosity. It first came out without the name of the author; but the justice of its remarks, and particularly the severity of the satire, soon excited public curiosity. Though he never disowned his having written this piece, and even openly gloried in it; yet the public, unwilling to give so much merit to one alone, ascribed it to a combination of wits: nor were Messrs Lloyd, Thornton, or Colman, left unnamed upon this occasion. This misplaced praise soon induced Mr Churchill to throw off the mask, and the second edition appeared with his name at length; and now the fame, which before was diffused upon many objects, became centered to a point. As the *Rosciad* was the first of this poet's performances, so many are of opinion, that it is his best; and indeed I am inclined to concur in the same sentiment. In it we find a very close and minute discussion of the particular merits of each performer; their defects pointed out with candour, and their merits praised without adulation. This poem, however, seems to be one of those few works which are injured by succeeding editions: when

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he became popular, his judgment began to grow drunk with applause; and we find, in the later editions, men blamed whose merit is incontestible, and others praised that were at that time in no degree of esteem with the judicious, and whom, at present, even the mob are beginning to forsake.

His next performance was his *Apology to the Critical Reviewers*: this work is not without its peculiar merit; and as it was written against a set of critics whom the world was willing enough to blame, the public read it with their usual indulgence. In this performance he shewed a peculiar happiness of throwing his thoughts, if we may so express it, into poetical paragraphs: so that the sentence swells to the break or conclusion, as we find in prose.

His fame being greatly extended by these productions, his improvement in morals did not seem by any means to correspond; but while his writings amused the town, his actions in some measure disgusted it. He now quitted his wife, with whom he had cohabited for many years, and resigning his gown, and all clerical functions, commenced a complete man of the town, got drunk, frequented stews, and, giddy with false praise, thought his talents a sufficient atonement for all his follies. Some people have been unkind enough to say, that Mrs Churchill gave the first just cause of separation; but nothing can be more false than this rumour; and we can assure the public, that her conduct in private life, and among her acquaintances, was ever irreproachable.

In some measure to palliate the absurdities of his conduct, he now undertook a poem called *Night*, written upon a general subject indeed, but upon false principles; namely, that whatever our follies are, we should never undertake to conceal them. This, and Mr Churchill's other poems, being shewn to Mr Johnson, and his opinion being asked concerning them, he allowed them but little merit; which being told to the author, he resolved to requite this private opinion with a public one. In his next poem therefore, of the *Ghost*, he has drawn this gentleman under the character of Pomposo; and those who disliked Mr Johnson allowed it to have merit. But our Poet is now dead, and justice may be heard without the imputation of envy. Though we entertain no small opinion of Mr Churchill's abilities, yet they are neither of a size nor correctness to compare with those of the author of the *Rambler*; a work which has, in some places, enlarged the circle of moral inquiry, and fixed more precise land-marks to guide philosophy in her investigation of truth. Mr Johnson's only reply to Mr Churchill's abuse was, that he thought him a shallow fellow in the beginning, and that he could say nothing worse of him still.

The poems of *Night*, and of the *Ghost*, had not the rapid sale the author expected; but his *Prophecy of Famine* soon made ample amends for the late paroxysms in his fame. *Night* was written upon a general subject, and for that reason no way alluring; the *Ghost* was written in eight syllable verse, in which kind of measure he was not

not very successful; but the *Prophecy of Famine* had all those circumstances of time, place, and party to recommend it, that the author could desire; or, let us use the words of Mr Wilkes, who said, before its publication, that he was sure it must take, as it was at once personal, poetical, and political. It had accordingly a rapid and an extensive sale; and it was often asserted by his admirers, that Mr Churchill was a better poet than Mr Pope. This exaggerated adulation, as it had before corrupted his morals, now began to impair his mind; several succeeding pieces were published, which being written without effort, are read without pleasure. His *Gotham*, *Independence*, *The Times*, seem merely to be written by a man who desired to avail himself of the avidity of the public curiosity in his favour, and are rather aimed at the pockets than the hearts of his readers.

How shall I trace this thoughtless man through the latter part of his conduct; in which, leaving all the milder forms of life, he became entirely guided by his native turbulence of temper, and permitted his mind to harass his body through all the various modes of debauchery. His seducing a young lady, and afterwards living with her in shameless adultery; his beating a man formerly his friend, without any previous provocation, are well known. Yet let us not be severe in judging; happy were it for him, perhaps, if ours were the only tribunal at which he was to plead for those irregularities, which his mental powers rendered but more culpable!

T H E

R O S C I A D.

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R O S C I A D

T H E
R O S C I A D.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high-aspiring play'r
 Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair;
 The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
 No longer whine in love, and rant and rage;
 The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
 Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
 For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
 And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
 Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
 To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume;
 In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
 And shew where honour bled in ev'ry scar.

But tho' bare merit might in Rome appear
 The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
 We form our judgment in another way;
 And they will best succeed who best can pay;
 Those who would gain the votes of British tribes,
 Must add to force of Merit, force of Bribes.

What can an actor give? in every age
 Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
 Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
 Appear as often as their image there:
 They can't, like candidate for other seat,
 Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
 Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon:
 And of roast-beef, they only know the tune.

But what they have they give ; could Clive do more,
Tho' for each million he had brought home four ?

Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there.
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love, instead of meat !
Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be,
In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea ;
Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

The town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
As passion, humour, int'rest, party, sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunders Shuter's praise, — he is so *droll*.
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer ! Oh ! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size ;
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.

When place of judgment is by whim supply'd,
And our opinions have their rise in pride,
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self ;
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In such a court, as Garrick for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be try'd;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial:—Who?

For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay appear'd;
Others for Franklin voted; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own;
For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was Young.
For Murphy some few pill'ring wits declar'd,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd.

To mischief train'd, even from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights, which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud;
A pert prim Prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth,—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his Tye—thrice stroak'd his
band—

“ At Friendship's call (thus oft with trait'rous
aim,
“ Men void of faith, usurp Faith's sacred name,)
“ At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,
“ Who thus by me developes his intent.
“ But lest, transfus'd, the spirit should be lost,
“ That spirit, which in storms of Rhet'rick tost,

“ Bounces about, and flies like bottl'd beer,
 “ In his own words his own intentions hear.

“ Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes
 “ born

“ No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.
 “ Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw;
 “ Vain all my wit,—for what is wit in law? (gain
 “ Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I strove to
 “ Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
 “ Who in the Temple and Gray's-Inn prepare
 “ For Client's wretched feet the legal snare;
 “ Dead to those arts which polish and refine,
 “ Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,
 “ Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
 “ And, foul rejection! gave me up to shame;
 “ To laws and lawyers then I bid adieu,
 “ And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue,
 “ Who will may be a Judge—my kindling breast
 “ Burns for the chair which Roscius once possess'd.
 “ Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,
 “ And let Success for once attend Desert.”

With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
 And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
 The Proteus Hill puts in his modest plea,
 “ Let favour speak for others, Worth for me.”—
 For who, like him, his various pow'rs could call
 Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
 Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
 Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist?
 Knows any one so well, sure no one knows,—
 At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?

Who can? But Woodward came,—Hill slipp'd
away,
Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.

With that low Cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the Blockhead for a Knave;
With that smooth Falshood whose appearance charms
And Reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant Envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold Caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
“What's basely done, should be done safely too;”
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless in spreading Vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some Virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
A Motley Figure, of the Fribble Tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simp'ring on; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage impannel'd Matrons would perplex.

Nor Male, nor Female; Neither, and yet both;
 Of Neuter Gender, tho' of Irish growth;
 A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait;
 Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
 Fearful it seem'd, tho' of Athletic make,
 Lest bruted breezes should too roughly shake
 Its tender form, and savage motion spread
 O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.

Much did It talk, in its own pretty phrase,
 Of Genius and of Taste, of Play'rs and of Plays;
 Much too of writings, which Itself had wrote,
 Of special merit, tho' of little note;
 For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed,
 That what It wrote, none but Itself should read.
 Much too It chatter'd of Dramatic Laws,
 Misjudging Critics, and misplac'd applause;
 Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, It smirk'd, It wriggld to the chair;
 And with an aukward briskness, not its own,
 Looking around, and perking on the throne,
 Triumphant seem'd when that strange savage Dame,
 Known but to few, or only known by name,
 Plain Common Sense, appear'd by Nature there
 Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the Chair.
 The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
 To Its first state of Nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse, (for even there the pride
 Of this vain Nothing shall be mortified,)
 Nor shall the Muse, (should Fate ordain her rhimes,
 Fond pleasing thought! to live in after times,)
 With such a Trifler's name her pages blot;
 Known be the character, the Thing forgot;

Let It, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without Sex, and die without a Name!

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood half-
froze,

Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whose heart ne'er
With fancy-kindled heat:—A servile race, (glows
Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place,
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules;
With solemn consequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Oblequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd;
When from amidst the throng, a Youth stood forth,
Unknown his person, not unknown his worth;
His looks bespoke applause; alone he stood,
Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envy'd not their fame;
With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,
And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

“ But more than just to other countries grown,
“ Must we turn base apostates to our own?
“ Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
“ That England may not please the ear as well?
“ What mighty magic's in the place or air,
“ That all perfection needs must centre there?
“ In states, let strangers blindly be prefer'd;
“ In state of letters, Merit should be heard.

- " Genius is of no country, her pure ray
 " Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day:
 " Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
 " And may hereafter even in Holland rise.
 " May not, to give a pleasing fancy scope,
 " And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope;
 " May not some great extensive genius raise
 " The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;
 " And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom
 " warms,
 " Make England great in Letters as in Arms;
 " There may — there hath — and Shakespeare's muse
 " aspires
 " Beyond the reach of Greece, with native fires.
 " Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
 " Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his
 " height.
 " Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
 " When abler judges we may find at home?
 " Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
 " Have we not Shakespeare? — Is not Johnson
 " ours?
 " For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
 " They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons
 " wrote."

He said, and conquer'd — Sense resum'd her sway,
 And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
 Shakespeare and Johnson, with deserv'd applause,
 Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cause.
 Mean-time the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
 To ask or tell his name. — Who is it? — Lloyd.

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
 And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
 Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
 Boldly stood forth the advocate of truth;
 Confuted Falshood, and disabled Pride,
 Whilst baffled Age stood sparring at his side,

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
 Left day of trial should be put off here.
 Causes but seldom for delay can call
 In courts where forms are few, fees none at all,

The morning came, nor find I that the Sun,
 As he on other great events hath done,
 Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
 To go his Journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
 On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
 Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art,
 With decent modesty, perform'd her part,
 Rose a tribunal: from no other court
 It borrow'd ornaments, or sought support;
 No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
 No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
 No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,
 To their own purpose tun'd the pliant laws.
 Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
 As Mansfield wise, and as old Forster just.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
 A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
 Sat Shakespeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,
 For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;

The other held a globe, which to his will
 Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill;
 Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
 And look'd thro' Nature at a single view:
 A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
 And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
 Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
 And passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

Next Johnson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
 His rigid judgment Fancy's flights restrain'd,
 Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
 Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault.
 The book of Man he read with nicest art,
 And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
 Exerted Penetration's utmost force,
 And trac'd each passion to its proper source;
 Then strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
 And brought each foible forth to public view.
 The Coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
 And fools hung out their brother fools deterr'd.
 His comic humour kept the world in awe,
 And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law.

But hark!—The trumpet sounds, the crowd
 gives way,
 And the procession comes in just array.

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
 Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine;
 Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
 And waken Mem'ry with a sleeping ode;
 For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
 Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?

But give, kind Dulness, memory and rhyme,
We'll put off Genius till another time.

First, Order came,—with solemn step, and slow;
In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Left This should quit his place, That step awry,
Appearances to save his only care;
So things seem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critic, on Saint Prude.

Then came drum, trumpet, hauthoy, fiddle, flute;
Next snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute;
Legions of angels all in white advance;
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance:
Pantomime figures then are brought to view;
Fools, hand in hand with fools, go two and two,
Next came the treasurer of either house;
One with full purse, t'other with not a sou.

Behind a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of state;
By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name,

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies.—On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife?
Statesman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone,

Next Holland came.—With truly tragic stalk,
 He creeps, he flies—A Hero should not walk.
 As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes,
 Planted their batteries against the skies.
 Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
 He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
 By Fortune thrown on any other stage,
 He might, perhaps, have pleas'd an easy age;
 But now appears a copy, and no more,
 Of something better we have seen before.
 The actor, who would build a solid fame,
 Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
 Act from himself, on his own bottom stand;
 I hate even Garrick thus at second hand.

Behind came King—Bred up in modest lore,
 Bashful and young, he sought Hibernia's shore;
 Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
 For matchless intrepidity of face;
 From her his Features caught the gen'rous flame,
 And bid defiance to all sense of shame:
 Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
 Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in Brass.

Lo Yates!—Without the least finesse of art
 He gets applause!—I wish he'd get his part.
 When hot Impatience is in full career,
 How vilely “Hark'e! Hark'e!” grates the ear?
 When active Fancy from the Brain is sent,
 And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,
 I hate those careless blunders which recal
 Suspending sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests, are blurted in your face,
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
But when to please himself, or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,
The fop, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's
clothes.

Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown ;
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prats,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

Woodward, endow'd with various pow'rs of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown ;
A squeaking Harlequin made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb ;
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste :
Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in Burlesque, High Life in Masquerade.

But when bold Wits, not such as patch up plays,
 Cold and correct in these insipid days,
 Some comic character, strong-featur'd, urge,
 To probability's extremest verge,
 Where modest judgment her decree suspends,
 And for a time, nor censures, nor commends,
 Where critics can't determine on the spot,
 Whether it is, in Nature found or not,
 There Woodward safely shall his powr's exert,
 Nor fail of favour where he shews desert.
 Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
 Such worthy praises, Kately scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kinds of shapes,
 Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and
 scrapes :

Now in the center, now in van or rear,
 The Proteus shifts, Bawd, Parson, Auctioneer.
 His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport
 Are all contain'd in this one word, Distort.
 Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
 Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault ;
 With personal defects their mirth adorn,
 And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
 Even I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,
 Whom having made she trembled to behold,
 Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
 And find that Nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came
 Wilkinson this, Obrian was that name.
 Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
 That even shadows have their shadows too !

With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
 The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood.
 The last, by Nature form'd to please, who shows
 In Johnson's Stephen, which way Genius grows;
 Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
 To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
 Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
 His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd be-
 fore.

When the dull copier simple grace neglects,
 And rests his imitation in defects,
 We readily forgive; but such vile arts
 Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her pervers'est mood,
 With no one requisite of Art endu'd,
 Next Jackson came—Observe that settled glare,
 Which better speaks a Puppet than a Play'r;
 List to that voice—did ever Discord hear
 Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
 When, to enforce some very tender part,
 The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
 His soul, of ev'ry other thought bereft,
 Is anxious only where to place the left;
 He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse,
 To sooth his weeping mother, turns and bows.
 Aukward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill,
 Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
 One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
 Desirous seems to run away from th' other.
 Some errors handed down from age to age,
 Plead Custom's force, and still possess the stage.

That's vile—should we a parent's faults adore,
 And err, because our fathers err'd before?
 If inattentive to the author's mind,
 Some actors made the jest they could not find;
 If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
 And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene;
 Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
 Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid?
 When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
 Why, without meaning, rows Love's glassy eye!
 Why!—There's no cause—at least no cause we
 know—

It was the Fashion twenty years ago.
 Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use
 Their knavery and folly to excuse;
 To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
 To fame—to copy faults is want of sense.

Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,
 Some few particulars where Mode prevails)
 If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
 All Gentlemen are melancholy mad,
 When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
 To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
 Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
 An act of Toleration for the stage,
 And courtiere will, like reasonable creatures,
 Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features;
 Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,
 And humour set the audience in a rore.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
 Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,

Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or hawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.

Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd

To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;

Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,

He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend,

In a peculiar mould by Humour cast,

For Falstaff fam'd—Himself the First and Last—

He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,

And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.

Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,

Tho' the knight wears the weeds of Dominic,

And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,

In *Anno Domini*, of Falstaff's lack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet march-
ing slow,

A band of malecontents with spleen o'erflow;

Wrapt in Conceit's impenetrable fog,

Which pride, like Phoebus, draws from every bog,

They curse the managers, and curse the town,

Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,

Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest;

At once they rise with impotence of rage,

Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage;

" 'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare

" To arm satyric truth against a play'r?

" Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;

" Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind."

What! shall Opinion then, of nature free,
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree

To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings;
No,—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek,
What the Muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak,
With just disdain of ev'ry pauntry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear;
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public Contempt shall wait the Public Fool.

Austin would always glisten in French silks;
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer, Wilkes.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour please
Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease
Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous nature! which at once could show
A man so very high, so very Low.

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.
Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is still at top;—but scorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

Long from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their sport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;

Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And Sense awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee Moody, we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praise.

Next came the legion, which our Summer Bayes,
From Alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise;
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed,
With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Yet rans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause.
Each on himself determines to rely;
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'r so well an Author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit,
So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wond'rous dull, and yet so wond'rous vain,
At once so willing and unfit to reign,
That Reason swore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty Master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointment sad,
Whom Dulness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the sons of Nonsense hail him Sire,
Auditor, Author, Manager, and 'Squire;
His restless soul's ambition stops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dubb him Play'r.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
 If Symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease,
 When motionless he stands, we all approve;
 What pity 'tis the thing was made to move!

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
 Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
 From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
 Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
 All must to him resign the foremost place.
 When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
 To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
 His honest features the disguise defy,
 And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes he knows no happy mein,
 Or raving mad, or stupidly serene,
 In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
 In passion tears the passion into rags.
 Can none remember? Yes,—I know all must—
 When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust;
 When o'er the stage the Folly's standard bore,
 Whilst Common-Sense stood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents blest'd?
 Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
 Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
 All haunt for fame, but most mistake the way.
 Bred at St Omer's to the Shuffling trade,
 The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,

With various reading stor'd his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
Or at some Banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in City Annals fair,
And Prudent Dulness mark'd him for a Mayor.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on the stage?
Could it be worth thy wond'rous waste of pains,
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not Reason, even to thee have shewn,
Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown?
Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in Smithfield view,
To sacred Dulness and her first-born due,
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilst Vaughan or Dapper, call him which you
will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.

There rule secure from critics and from sense,
Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And Little Factions break thy rest no more.

From Covent-Garden crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know.
Veterans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore;

Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
 They scarcely knew the left hand from the right,
 Asham'd among such troops to shew their head,
 Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down
 To sep'rate frown from smile, and smile from frown,
 Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
 Smith was just gone to school to say his part.
 Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
 Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;
 Statira, with her hero to agree,
 Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.
 Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
 Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
 Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
 Whose features as each other they disdain'd,
 At variance set inflexible, and coarse,
 Ne'er knew the workings of united force,
 Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
 Nor shew the mingled pow'rs of light and shade,
 No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
 To worthier thoughts his mighty Genius turn'd,
 Harangu'd, gave Lectures, made each simple elf
 Almost as good a speaker as himself;
 Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
 And awkward rage of Elocution feel;
 Dull Cits and graye Divines his praise proclaim,
 And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name.
 Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
 Whether he left out nonsense, or put in;
 Who aim'd at wit, tho', levell'd in the dark,
 The random arrow seldom hit the mark;

At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where city swains in lap of Dulness dream,
Where, quiet as her strains their strains do flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know;
Secret at night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,
And spin out happy Folly through the year.

But think not, tho' these dastard-chiefs are fled,
That Covent-Garden troops shall want a head:
Harlequin comes, their chief!—see from afar,
The Hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to Novelty, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms;
On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
And on the other, his arch patron Lun.
Behind, for Liberty a thirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom Reason loathes, and Nature never saw;
Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous weight,
Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.
The Town, as usual, met him in full cry:
The Town, as usual, knew no reason why.
But Fashion so directs, and Moderns raise
On Fashion's mould'ring base, their transient praise.

Next to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no Salique Law:

Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps led on by Gen'ral Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes she shone;
For Humour fam'd, and Humour all her own.
Easy as if at Home the stage she trod:
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actresses ever yet could raise,
On humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See Lively Pope advance in jig, and trip
Corrina, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new.
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

Lo! Vincent comes---with simple grace array'd;
She laughs at paultry arts, and scorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection shown;
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it Here.
Defects like these, which Modest terrors cause,
From Impudence itself extort applause.
Candour and reason still take Virtue's part;
We love even foibles in so good a heart.

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp or stile,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile;
Who, meanly pilf'ring here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out Wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chant the praise of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach even Brent a method not to please;
But never shall a Truly British age,
Bear a vile race of Eunuchs on the stage.
The boasted work's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons, far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes, whilst Beard and Vincent sing,

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim?
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the Actress in the woman's-praise.
Still hand in hand, her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show.
For through the regions of that beauteous face
We no variety of passions trace!
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart:
The brow still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace!

Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
 Some want the striking elegance of Ease;
 The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
 They seem like puppets led about by wires.
 Others, like statues, in one posture still,
 Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
 Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
 And only grieve he gave not motion too,
 Weak of themselves are what we beauteous call;
 It is the manner which gives strength to all.
 This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
 And brings them forward in the noblest light.
 Happy in this, behold amidst the throng,
 With transient gleams of grace, Hart sweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
 A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
 Where, Union rare, Expression's lively force,
 With beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
 Attract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
 Rouse the quick passions and enflame the heart;
 If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
 Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
 By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
 When judgment, tutor'd by Experience sage,
 Shall shout abroad, and gather strength from age;
 When Heav'n in mercy shall the stage release
 From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece;
 When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
 Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd, on the stalk,
 Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
 And merit find a passage to the day;

Brought into action she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage;
With rival excellence of Love and Rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on Frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too!
My brains turn round, the headless trunk I view!
The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—New hor-
And Reason buried in the ruin lies. (rors rise,

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic scene, and in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down Nature's fence;
I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber thro' the dark disguise.

Pritchard by Nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame.

Who knows so well in majesty to please,
 Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
 She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
 When Love, Hate, Jealousy, Despair and Rage,
 With wildest tumults in the breast engage;
 Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
 Her passions are the passions of a Queen.

When she to murder whets the tim'rous Thane,
 I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein;
 Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
 My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new-strung.

In Comedy—"Nay there," cries Critic, hold,
 "Pritchard, for Comedy too fat and old.

"Who can with patience bear the grey coquette,

"Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet?

"Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just:

"But then, her age and figure give disgust,"

Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
 In real life to size or age confin'd?

Do spirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd,

In any set circumference of the waist?

As we grow old, doth affectation cease,

Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?

If in originals these things appear,

Why should we bar them in the copy here?

The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,

The grand minute reformers of the stage;

Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,

Some standard measure for each part should find;

Which, when the best of actors shall exceed,

Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.

All Actors too upon the back should bear
 Certificate of birth ;—time, when ;—place, where ;
 For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
 Unless they know the minute of their birth ?
 An audience too, deceiv'd, may find, too late,
 That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
 And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense ;
 But when perfections of the mind break forth,
 Humour's chaste sallies, Judgment's solid worth ;
 When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
 Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought ;
 Before such merit all objections fly ;
 Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wond'rous skill,
 Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
 That worth which shone in scatter'd rays before,
 Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
 The Jealous Wife !—On that thy trophies raise,
 Inferior only to the Author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legions of Romance
 For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
 With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
 And like a flood rush o'er the land of Love ;
 Mossop and Barry came.—Names ne'er design'd
 By Fate, in the same sentence to be join'd.
 Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
 They mounted on the pinnacle of Fame ;
 There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
 Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
 Thus sportive boys, around some basons brim,
 Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim :

But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour, they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right hand man :
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill
The right hand labours, and the left lies still ;
For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know.
With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach ;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait ;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables ;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line :
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul !

In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes !
When lab'ring passions in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent ;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm :
But all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth like Echo from her cell ;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmurs die

What man, like Barry, with such pains, can
In elocution, action, character ?

What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else can speak so very very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and Ha! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught,
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.

Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
A Stage Leviathan, put in his claim.
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.
Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead.

But, just to living merit, she maintains,
 And dares the test, whilst Garrick's Genius reigns;
 Ancients, in vain, endeavour to excel,
 Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
 But though prescription's force we disallow,
 Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
 Though we deny imaginary grace,
 Founded on accidents of time and place;
 Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
 Due praise, nor must we, *Quin*, forget thee there.
 His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong;
 In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
 Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
 To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
 No actor ever greater heights could reach
 In all the labour'd artifice of speech.

Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor found
 An universal fame on partial ground?
 Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
 And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
 I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
 Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
 With strict propriety their care's confin'd
 To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
 To Syllable dissectors they appeal,
 Allow them accent, cadence—Fool may feel;
 But spite of all the criticising elves,
 Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
 Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
 Heavy and phlegmatic he trode the stage,
 Too proud for Tenderness, too dull for Rage.

When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay Rake dependent Virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the Libertine, and court the Queen.
From the same scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose,
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was at once the Actor and the Man.
In Brute he shone unequall'd : all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equall'd praise the Actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small difference 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the Man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in :
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.
Next follows Sheridan—A doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit : That allows him none.
Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob Judgment of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great :
His feeling's strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek :
But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face,

Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
 Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
 In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
 To form distinction Nature hath deny'd.
 His voice no touch of harmony admits,
 Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits:
 The two extremes appear like man and wife,
 Coupled together for the sake of strife.
 His action's always strong, but sometimes such
 That Candour must declare he acts too much.
 Why must Impatience fall three paces back?
 Why paces three return to the attack?
 Why is the right leg too forbid to stir,
 Unless in motion semicircular?
 Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
 And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
 Is royal John with Philip angry grown,
 I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
 Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame,
 To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
 But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;
 And Art, by Judgment form'd, with Nature vies.
 Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
 Whilst in his own contending passions roll.
 View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
 And then deny him Merit if you can.
 Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
 Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
 Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
 Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.
 One finds out,—“He's of stature somewhat low;
 “Your Hero always should be tall, you know.—

"True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, Critic.—"Serjeant Kyte."

Another can't forgive the paultry arts,
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause.—
Avaunt, unnat'ral start, affected pause!

For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things carried to excess are wrong;
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them Grace.

If Bunglers, form'd on Imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkies mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face;
We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.

But when, from Nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of Acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the soul's portray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
To me they seem, from quickest feelings caught:
Each start is Nature, and each pause is Thought.
When Reason yields to Passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms;
What, but a Critic, could condemn the Play'r,
For pausing here, when Cool Sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the Heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
 Fine-draw the critic web with curious pain;
 The gods—a kindness I with thanks must pay—
 Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
 Nor stung with Envy, nor with Spleen diseas'd,
 A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleas'd;
 Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
 And, pleas'd with Nature, must be pleas'd with
 Thee.

Now might I tell, how silence reign'd throughout,
 And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout:
 How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
 Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire:
 But, loose to Fame, the Muse more simply acts,
 Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the sev'ral parties came,
 With temper heard, with Judgment weigh'd each
 Claim,

And in their sentence happily agreed;
 In name of both, Great Shakespear thus decreed:

- “ If manly sense; if Nature link'd with Art,
- “ If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
- “ If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd;
- “ If fewest faults, with greatest beauties join'd;
- “ If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which
 lie,
- “ Within the magic circle of the eye;
- “ If feelings, which few hearts like his can know,
- “ And which no face so well as his can show,
- “ Deserve the preference;—Garrick, take the chair;
- “ Nor quit it—till thou place an Equal there.”

THE

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THE
A P O L O G Y.

ADDRESSED TO THE

CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

LAUGHS not the heart, when Giants, big
with pride,
Assume the pompous port, the martial stride;
O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous shield,
Vast as a weaver's beam the javelin wield:
With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
And dare to single combat—What?—A Fly.

And laugh we less, when Giant names, which
shine
Establish'd, as it were, by right divine;
Critics, whom ev'ry captive artadores,
To whom glad Science pours forth all her stores;
Who high in letter'd reputation sit,
And hold, Aстреa like, the scales of Wit;
With partial rage rush forth,—Oh! shame to tell!
To crush a bard just bursting from the shell!

Great are his perils, in this stormy time,
 Who rashly ventures on a sea of Rhime.
 Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
 And jealous rocks and quick-sands lurk below,
 Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
 He hurts me most who lavishly commends.

Look thro' the world—in ev'ry other trade
 The same employment's cause of kindness made;
 At least appearance of good-will creates;
 And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates:
 Coblers with coblers smoke away the night,
 And in the common cause e'en Play'rs unite.
 Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
 Unnat'ral war with brother authors wage.
 The pride of Nature would as soon admit
 Competitors in empire as in wit:
 Onward they rush at Fame's imperious call,
 And, less than greatest, would not be at all.

Smit with the love of Honour,—or the Pence,
 O'er-run with wit, and destitute of sense,
 If any novice in the rhiming trade
 With lawless pen th' realms of verse invade:
 Forth from the court, where scepter'd sages sit,
 Abus'd with praise, and flatter'd into wit;
 Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
 And what they won by dulness still maintain;
 Legions of factious authors throng at once;
 Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
 To Hamilton's the Ready Lies repair;—
 Ne'er was Lie made which was not welcome there.
 Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
 The polish'd falshood's into public brought.

THE APOLOGY:

51

Quick circulating slanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.

A Critic was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame:
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view!
His judgment great, and great his Candour too:
No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide:
But now, Oh strange reverse! our Critics bawl
In praise of Candour with a heart of Gall.
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enshrouded in the vail of night:
Safe from detection, seize th' unwary prey,
And stab, like bravoës, all who come that way.

When first my muse, perhaps more bold than wise,
Bade the rude trifle into light arise,
Little she thought such tempests would ensue,
Less, that those tempests would be rais'd by you:
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak;
Rosciads, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke.
Vain thought! a Critic's fury knows no bound;
Drawcanfir like, he deals destruction round;
Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.

Unhappy Genius! plac'd by partial Fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state;
Where the reluctant Muse, oppress'd by kings,
Or droops in silence, or in fetters sings.
In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's scorn.
Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,
Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here?

Thus, when the Julian tyrant's pride to swell
Rome with her Pompey at Pharsalia fell,
The vanquish'd chief escap'd from Cæsar's hand
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.

How could these self-erected monarchs raise
So large an empire on so small a base?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius sleep when Dulness seiz'd the throne?
Whence absolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the subject world dispenses law.
Without her licence, not a letter stirs;
And all the captive criss-cross-row is her's.
The Stagyrite, who rules from nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.
Our great Dictators take a shorter way—
Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say?
Their word's sufficient: and to ask a reason,
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell:
Like church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull superstitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their easy faith on critics sleeve,
And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe!
But why repine we, that these Puny Elves
Shoot into Giants?—We may thank ourselves;
Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,
The calf ourselves have fashion'd we adore.
But let true Reason once resume her reign,
This God shall dwindle to a Calf again.

Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
By the same arts they still maintain their sway.
Wrapp'd in mysterious secrecy they rise,
And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise.

At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe
Th' envenom'd slander flies ; no names appear.
Prudence forbids that step.—Then all might know,
And on more equal terms engage the foe.
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?
By int'rest join'd, th' expert confederates stand,
And play the game into each others hand.
The vile abuse, in turn by all deny'd,
Is bandy'd up and down from side to side ;
It flies—hey!—presto!—like a juggler's ball,
Till it belongs to nobody at all. [known;]

All men and things they know, themselves un-
And publish every name—except their own.
Nor think this strange—secure from vulgar eyes
The nameless author passes in disguise.
But vet'ran critics are not so deceiv'd;
If vet'ran critics are to be believ'd.
Once seen, they know an author evermore;
Nay, swear to hands they never saw before.
Thus, in the Rosciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They, by the writing, found the writers out.

“ That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly
“ trace,

“ And all the Actor stares you in the face:—
“ By Colman that was written—On my life,
“ The strongest symptoms of the Jealous Wife:
“ That little disengenuous piece of spite,
“ Churchill, a wretch unknown, perhaps might
“ write.”

How doth it make judicious readers smile,
When authors are detected by their style!

Tho' ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He shifts his style much oftener than his clothes?

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen;
The Muse a trisler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry Heav'n should send
The bitt'rest Foe where most I wish'd a Friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground.
So nobler Pickle stand superbly bound.
From Livy's temples tear th' historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb.
Who ever read the Regicide, but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before!
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
Who can so often in his cause engage
The tiny Pathos of the Grecian stage,
Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow
At tragic Ha! and no less tragic Oh!
To praise his nervous weakness all agree;
And then for sweetness, who so sweet as he?
Too big for utterance when sorrows swell
The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell:
But when those flowing tears should cease to flow,
Why—then the voice must speak again you know,
Rude and unskilful in the Poet's trade,
I kept no Naiads by me ready made;
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France:

No flimsy linsy-woolsey scenes I wrote,
With patches here and there like Joseph's coat.
Me humbler themes besit: Secure, for me,
Let Play-wrights smuggle nonsense duty free:
Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
And frisk and frolic o'er the fairy ground;
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn,
Like Sylvia's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn;
Uncensur'd let the gentle breezes rove,
Thro' the green umbrage of th' enchanting grove;
Secure, for me, let soppy Nature smile,
And play the coxcomb in the Desert Isle.

The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis Public Property.
All Common Exhibitions open ly
For Praise or Censure to the Common Eye.
Hence are a thousand Hackney-writers fed;
Hence Monthly Critics earn their daily-bread.
This is a gen'ral tax which all must pay,
From those who scribble, down to those who play.
Actors, a venal crew, receive support
From public bounty, for the public sport.
To clap or hiss, all have an equal claim,
The Cobler's and his Lordship's right the same.
All join for their subsistence: all expect
Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correct.
When active Pickle Smithfield stage ascends,
The three days wonder of his laughing friends;
Each, or as judgment, or as fancy guides,
The lively witling praises or derides.
And where's the mighty diff'rence, tell me where,
Betwixt a Merry Andrew and a Play'r?

The strolling tribe, a despicable race,
 Like wand'ring Arabs, shift from place to place;
 Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,
 They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
 And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
 To Madam May'refs, or his Worship's Wife.

The mighty monarch, in theatric sack,
 Carries his whole regalia at his back.
 His royal consort heads the female band,
 And leads the heir-apparent in her hand;
 The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
 Bearing a future prince on either side.
 No choice musicians in this troop are found
 To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound;
 No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl;
 No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll:
 No guards to swell the monarch's train are shown:
 The monarch here must be a host alone.
 No solemn pomp, no slow procession's here;
 No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier.

By need compell'd to prostitute his art,
 The varied actor flies from part to part;
 And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride!
 His character is shifted with his side.
 Question and Answer he by turns must be;
 Like that small wit in Modern Tragedy;
 Who, to Support his fame;—or fill his purse,—
 Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
 Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
 Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
 In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe;
 The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe.

No high conceits their mod'rate wishes raise,
Content with humble profit, humble praise.
Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare,
The strolling pageant hero treads in air :
Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And snores the next out on a truss of straw.

But if kind Fortune, who we sometimes know
Can take a hero from a puppet-show,
In mood propitious should her fav'rite call,
On royal stage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himself he rears his head,
And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred :
Conversing now with well-dress'd kings and queens,
With gods and goddeses behind the scenes,
He sweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by Mock Honours Real Pride t'assume.
On this great stage, the World, no Monarch e'er
Was half so haughty as a Monarch Play'r.

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth
To see these Things, the lowest sons of earth,
Presume, with self-sufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in Letters and preside in Taste ?
The town's decisions they no more admit,
Themselves alone the Arbiters of wit ;
And scorn the jurisdiction of that court,
To which they owe their being and support.
Actors, like monks of old, now sacred grown,
Must be attack'd by no fools but their own.
Let the vain Tyrant sit amidst his guards,
His puny Green-room Wits and venal Bards,
Who meanly tremble at the Puppet's frown,
And for a Play-house freedom lose their own ;

38 THE APOLOGY.

In spite of new-made Laws, and new-made Kings;
The free-born Muse with lib'ral spirit sings.
Bow down, ye slaves ; before these Idols fall ;
Let Genius stoop to them who've none at all :
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the Knee
To those who, Slaves to All, are Slaves to Me.

Actors, as actors, are a lawful game ;
The poet's right ; and who shall bar his claim ?
And if, o'er-weening of their little skill,
When they have left the stage, they're actors still ;
If to the subject world they still give laws,
With paper crowns, and sceptres made of straws ;
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And Kings one night, are Kings for evermore ;
Shall not bold truth, even there, pursue her theme ;
And wake the Coxcomb from his golden dream ?
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They rise superior to their present state :
If, with each social virtue grac'd, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend :
If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife ;
Shall not our Verse their praise with pleasure speak ;
Tho' Mimics bark, and Envy split her cheek ?
No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise ;
No greatness can above her censure raise :
Station and wealth, to her, are trifling things ;
She stoops to actors, and she soars to Kings.
Is there a man, to vice and folly bred,
To sense of honour as to virtue dead ;
Whom ties nor human, nor divine, can bind ;
Alien to God, and foe to all mankind ;

Who spares no character ; whose ev'ry word,
Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword,
Cuts to the quick ; whose thoughts with rancour
swell ;

Whose tongue, on earth, performs the work of
Hell ?

If there be such a monster, the Reviews
Shall find him holding forth against Abuse :

" Attack Profession !—'tis a deadly breach !—

" The christian laws another lesson teach !

" Unto the end should charity endure,

" And candour hide these faults it cannot cure."

Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
As devils, to serve their purpose, Scriptures quote.

The Muse's office was by Heaven design'd,
To please, improve, instruct, reform mankind ;

To make dejected Virtue nobly rise

Above the tow'ring pitch of splendid Vice ;

To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,

And trembling crouch at Virtue's awful frown.

Now arm'd with wrath, she bids eternal shame,

With strictest justice, brand the villain's name :

Now in the milder garb of Ridicule,

She sports, and pleases, while she wounds the Fool.

Her shape is often varied ; but her aim,

To prop the cause of Virtue, still the same.

In praise of Mercy let the guilty bawl,

When Vice and Folly for Correction call ;

Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,

And is partaker of the crimes it spares.

But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth ;

If wantonly she deviates from her plan,
And quits the Actor to expose the Man;
Alham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where Candour was forgot.

But what is Candour, what is Humour's vein,
Tho' judgment join to consecrate the strain,
If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choicest music play in ev'ry word?
Verses must run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harsh, rugged interruptions clear;
Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze;
Smooth let their current flow as summer seas;
Perfect then only deem'd when they dispense
A happy tuneful vacancy of sense.

Italian fathers, thus, with barb'rous rage,
Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage;
Deaf to the calls of Pity, Nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.
Henceforth farewell, then, fev'rish thirst of fame;
Farewell the longings for a Poet's name;
Perish my Muse;—a wish 'bove all severe
To him who ever held the Muses dear,
If e'er her labours weaken to refine

The gen'rous roughness of a nervous line,

Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase;
Their Muse must walk in stilts, and strut in stays;
The sense they murder, and the words transpose,
Lest poetry approach too near to prose.

See tortur'd Reason how they pare and trim,
And, like Procrustes, stretch or lop the limb.

Waller, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,
Parent of harmony in English verse,

Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
In couplets first taught straggling sense to close,

In polish'd numbers, and majestic sound,
Where shall thy rival, Pope, be ever found?
But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,
Even excellence, unvaried, tedious grows.
Nature, thro' all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a blessing from Variety.

Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouse our soul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the Nightingale would teize:
Still in one key, not Brent would always please.

Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful Nine.
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep!
Still when his Subject rises, proud to view,
With equal strength the Poet rises too.
With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up, and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers, in their course
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
The pow'rs of Genius and of Judgment join,
And the whole art of poetry is thine.

But what are Numbers, what are Bards to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of poesy?

"A sacred Muse should consecrate her pen;
"Priests must not hear nor see like other Men;
"Far higher themes should her ambition claim;
"Behold where Sternhold points the way to Fame."

Whilst, with mistaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let Reason for a moment take her turn,

When Coffee-sages hold discourse with kings,
And blindly walk in Paper Leading-strings,
What if a man delight to pass his time
In spinning Reason into harmless Rhime;
Or sometimes boldly venture to the Play?
Say, Where's the crime?—great man of Prudence,
say?

No two on earth in one thing can agree,
All have some darling singularity:
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In Gew-gaws take delight, and sigh for toys.
Your sceptres, and your crowns, and such like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indiff'rent Reason bids us chuse,
Whether the whim's a Monkey or a Muse.

What the grave triflers on this busy scene,
When they make use of this word Reason, mean,
I know not; but, according to my plan,
'Tis Lord-chief-justice in the Court of Man,
Equally form'd to rule in age and youth,
The Friend of Virtue and the Guide to Truth.
To Her I bow, whose sacred pow'r I feel;
To Her decision make my last appeal;
Condemn'd by Her, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the Pen again:
By Her absolv'd, my course I'll still pursue;
If Reason's for me, God is for me too.

N I G H T.

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N I G H T.

WHEN foes insult, and prudent friends dispense,
 In pity's strains the worst of insolence,
 Oft with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
 Oft in thy social converse find relief.
 The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
 Loves any sorrow rather than her own.

Let slaves to bus'ness, bodies without soul,
 Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
 Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
 We Night prefer, which heals or hides our care.

Rogues justify'd, and by success made bold,
 Dull fools and coxcombs, sanctify'd by Gold,
 Freely may bask in Fortune's partial ray,
 And spread their feathers op'ning to the day;
 But thread-bare Merit dares not shew the head,
 Till vain prosperity retires to bed.

Misfortunes, like the Owl, avoid the light;
 The sons of Care are always sons of Night.

The Wretch, bred up in Method's drowsy school,
 Whose merit only is to err by rule,
 Who ne'er thro' heat of blood was tripping caught,
 Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought;
 Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
 Unless to Move the body's dull Machine;
 Which clock-work like, with the same equal pace,
 Still travels on thro' life's insipid space,
 Turns up his eyes to think that there should be,
 Among God's creatures, two such things as we;

Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the Pow'r
Which kindly gave him grace to keep good hours.

Good hours—Fine words—but was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean?

Florio, who many years a course hath run

In downright opposition to the sun,

Expatriates on good hours, their cause defends

With as much vigour as our Prudent Friends.

Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,

But still in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things.

Each takes the phrase in his own private view,

With Prudence it is ten, with Florio two.

Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking sake;

Without distinguishing distinctions make;

Shine forth in native folly, native pride,

Make yourselves rules to all the world beside.

Reason, collected in herself, disdains

The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;

Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,

Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.

Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,

And Reason to herself alone is law.

That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,

Which she as freely grants to all mankind.

No idol titled name her rev'rence stirs,

No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;

All are alike, if they're alike enjoy'd,

And all are good, if virtuously employ'd.

Let the sage Doctor (think him one we know)

With scrapes of antient learning overflow,

In all the dignity of wig declare

The fatal consequence of midnight air,

How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life; and sap the walls of health.
For me, let Galen moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be Physician to myself.
Whilst soul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a shorter date;
I'll make them live, as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.
The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.

Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools.
As well may sons of physic hope to find
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.

If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
The fool next morning can't hold up his head.
What reason this which we to bed must call
Whose head (thank Heaven,) never aches at all;
In diff'rent courses diff'rent tempers run,
He hates the Moon, I sicken at the Sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, his clock goes right,
Mine better goes wound up at twelve at night.

Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
The strange reserve, the proud affected state
Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,
Who meanly overlooks a friend distressed.
Purblind to Poverty the worldling goes,
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose;

But from a crowd can single out his Grace;
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace;

Whether those classic regions are survey'd
Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry shore,
Tho' now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
And taught a stump to shoot with pilfer'd praise
Who once for Rev'rend merit famous grown,
Gratefully strove to kick his Maker down;
Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,
The court, or camp, the pulpit, bar, or stage
If half-bred surgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all;
Those mighty-letter'd monsters of the earth,
Our pity move or exercise our mirth:
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray;
A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind.

Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed
Where virtue, self-approv'd, reclines her head;
Whilst vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And conscience plants the villains couch with thorns
Impatient of restraint, the active mind,
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her seat as waken'd from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a single glance.
Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey
And see by Night, what fools we are by day.

Stript of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise,
See where Ambition mean and loathsome lies!

Reflection, with relentless hand, pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown,
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone :
Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,
And sink the conqueror beneath the brute.
But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like Heav'n's dew, refreshing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.

Through a false medium things are shewn by day;
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgement lead astray.
How many from appearance borrow state,
Whom Night disdains to number with the Great!
Must not we laugh to see yon lordling proud
Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd?
Whilst in his beam furrounding clients play,
Like insects in the sun's enliv'ning ray,
Whilst, Jehu-like, he drives at furious rate,
And seems the only charioteer of state,
Talking himself into a little God,
And ruling empires with a single nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
That he had int'rest, and that they had sense?
Injurious thought! beneath Night's honest shade
When pomp is buried, and false colours fade,
Plainly we see, at that impartial hour,
Them dupes to pride, and him the tool of pow'r.

God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
 To court the seeming, or the real great.
 Much sorrow shall we feel, and suffer more
 Than any slave who labours at the oar.
 By slavish methods must we learn to please,
 By smooth-tongu'd flattery, that curst court disease,
 Supple to ev'ry wayward mood, strike sail,
 And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale.
 To Nature dead he must adopt vile art,
 And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart.
 A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
 And conscience ne'er must speak unless in dreams.
 When he hath tamely born, for many years,
 Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers,
 When he at last expects (good easy man)
 To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
 Some cringing Lacquey, or rapacious Whore,
 To favours of the great the surest door:
 Some Catamite, or Pimp, in credit grown,
 Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,
 Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
 And for some Minion's Minion claims the prize.

Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
 Too resolute, from Nature's active heat,
 To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by;
 Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie.
 Too plain to please, too honest to be great;
 Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier state:
 Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
 Where rascals promise, and where fools believe;
 Far from the walk of folly, vice, and strife,
 Calm, independent, let me steal thro' life,

Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile.
Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring baubles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this bustling stage,
We see what vain designs mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife;
Armies embattled met, and thousands bleed,
For some vile spot, which cannot fifty feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong, or right,
For the world's empire Kings ambitious fight.
What odds?—to us 'tis all the self-same thing,
A Nut, a World, a Squirrel, and a King.

Britons, like Roman spirits fam'd of old,
Are cast by Nature in a Patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their soul's ingross'd by public weal or woe.
In glorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn:
Yet care with nobler wreathes their brows adorn.
Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
Give them but credit for a statesman's brains,
All would be deem'd even from the cradle fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.

The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once.
His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
The court-bred lord his promises and debts,

Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
The rake his mistress, and the fop himself;
Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care
And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear

Females themselves the glorious ardour feel,
And boast an equal, or a greater zeal;
From nymph to nymph the state infection flies,
Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.

O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beside.

No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess
A passion for applause, or rage for dress:
No more they pant for Public Raree-shows,
Or lose one thought on monies or on beaux.
Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan,
And lustful prudes forget to rail at man.

The darling theme Cecilia's self will chuse,
Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news.

The Cit, a Common-Council-man by place,
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
By situation as by Nature great,
With nice precision parcels out the state;
Proves and disproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himself, and to himself replies;
Wielding aloft the Politician rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god:
Maintains, even to the very teeth of pow'r,
The same thing right and wrong in half an hour
Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
And plainly proves, Whatever is, is not.
Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread,

His useless scales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

Peace to such triflers; be our happier plan
To pass thro' life as easy as we can.

Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen.

Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a Puppet-show:

Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand, which guides the Master-wire.

What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall;
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.

Let muck-worms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.

His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please;
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?

My custom safe, the poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air some years ago.

No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.

Burdens like these vile earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on Castles in the Air.

Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
And England's terrors awe imperious Spain;

Let ev'ry venal clan, and neutral tribe

Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;

Let each new year call loud for new supplies,

And tax on tax with double burden rise;

Exempt we sit, by no rude cares oppress,

And, having little, are with little bless'd.

All real ills in dark oblivion ly,

And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply.

Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
 Nor one dull thought foretells approach of Day.
 Thus have we liv'd ; and whilst the fates afford
 Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,
 Whilst Mirth, with Decency, his lovely bride,
 And Wine's gay God, with Temp'rance by his side
 Their welcome visit pay ; whilst Health attends
 The narrow circle of our chosen friends ;
 Whilst frank Good Humour consecrates the treat
 And Woman makes Society complete,
 Thus will we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd
 Those hackney-strumpets Prudence and the World.

Prudence, of old a sacred term, imply'd
 Virtue, with godlike Wisdom for her guide,
 But now in gen'ral use is known to mean
 The stalking horse of Vice, and Folly's screen.
 The sense perverted, we retain the name,
 Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same.

A Tutor once, more read in men than books,
 A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
 Demurely fly, with high preferment blest'd,
 His fav'rite pupil in these words address'd :

Would'st thou, my son, be wise and virtuous
 By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd ? [deem'd
 Be this thy rule ; be what men Prudent call ;
 Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all.
 Keep up appearances, there lies the test,
 The world will give thee credit for the rest.
 Outward be fair, however foul within ;
 Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.
 This maxim's into common favour grown,
 Vice is no longer Vice, unless 'tis known :

Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field,
But Vice is Virtue, when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging passions drive thee to a whore,
Let Prudence lead thee to a postern door ;
Stay out all night, but take especial care
That Prudence bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with study faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint.

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard,
And in his mem'ry stor'd each precious word,
Successfully pursu'd the plan, and now,
" Room for my Lord—Virtue stand by and bow."

And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
To mask, but not amend a vicious heart?
Shall luke-warm caution, and demeanour grave,
For wise and good stamp ev'ry supple knave?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and states with empty forms,
Whilst Virtue seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize,
Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise;
Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
Seems what she is, and scorns to pass for more?
Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold ;
Me neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,
To flatter others, or deny myself.
Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
I would not be that Thing, that Prudent Man.
What ! cries Sir Pliant, would you then oppose
Yourself alone, against an host of foes?
Let not conceit, and peevish lust to rail,
Above all sense of interest prevail.

Throw off, for shame, this petulance of wit,
 Be wise, be modest, and for once submit:
 Too hard the task, 'gainst multitudes to fight,
 You must be wrong, the World is in the right.

What is this World? a term which men have got
 To signify, not one in ten knows what;
 A term, which with no more precision passes
 To point out herds of men, than herds of asses;
 In common use no more it means, we find,
 Than many fools in same opinions join'd.

Can numbers then change Nature's stated laws?
 Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
 Vice must be Vice, Virtue be Virtue still,
 Tho' thousands rail at good and practise ill.
 Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage,
 Because vast nations on his part engage?
 Tho' to support the rebel Caesar's cause
 Tumultuous legions arm against the laws,
 Tho' scandal would our Patriot's name impeach,
 And rail at virtues which she cannot reach;
 What honest man but would with joy submit
 To bleed with Cato, and retire with Pitt?

Stedfast and true to Virtue's sacred laws,
 Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,
 Let the world talk, my friend; that World, we know
 Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.
 Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,
 Assert the rights, or quit the name of Man.
 Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;
 Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd, be strong,
 In spite of dulness, and in spite of wit,
 If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
 Rather stand up, assur'd, with conscious pride,
 Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

T H E

PROPHECY OF FAMINE,

A

SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN WILKES, Esq;

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T H E

PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

A

SCOTS PASTORAL.

WHEN Cupid first instructs his darts to fly
From the sly corner of some cook-maid's eye,
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire:
Trembling and blushing he the fair one views,
And fain would speak, but can't—without a Muse.

So to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs, and eke the loves of swains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies—
Green moss her couch, her canopy the skies—
From aromatic shrubs the roguish gale
Steals young perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale.
The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast by her side his am'rous descant plays.

80 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Herds lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.
The streams, with music freighted, as they pass,
Present the fair Lardella with a glass;
And Zephyr, to compleat the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.

But when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed;
Form'd after some great man, whose name breeds
Whose ev'ry sentence Fashion makes a law, [awe,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our servile fears:
Then we discard the workings of the heart,
And Nature's banish'd by mechanic art;
Then deeply read, our reading must be shown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then Ostentation marches to our aid,
And letter'd Pride stalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each sentence, polish'd ev'ry line.
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of Ancients with a Modern air,
Nonsense, with classic ornaments is grac'd,
And passes current with the stamp of Taste.

Then the rude Theoprite is ransack'd o'er,
And courtly Maro call'd from Mincio's shore;
Sicilian muses on our mountains roam,
Easy and free as if they were at home;
Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 81

Flow'rs, which once flourish'd fair in Greece and
Rome,

More fair revive in England's meads to bloom :
Skies without clouds exotic suns adorn ;
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn :
Landskips, unknown to dowdy Nature rise,
And new creation strikes our wond'ring eyes.

For bards, like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and attun'd to woe.

Who if, plain Common-sense her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some Ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there ;
For bards like these a wreath shall Mason bring,
And with the softest down of Folly's wing ;
In Love's Pagoda shall they ever dose,
And Gilbal kindly rock them to repose.

My lord—to letters as to faith most true—
At once their patron and example too—
Shall quaintly fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams.
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dress up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of some Druid's seat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.

Me, whom no muse of heav'nly birth inspires,
To judgment tempers when rash genius fires ;

82 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
 Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time ;
 Who cannot follow where trim Fancy leads
 By prattling streams o'er flow'r-empurpl'd meads ;
 Who often, but without success, have pray'd
 For apt Alliteration's artful aid ;
 Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
 Coin fine new epithets, which mean no ill :
 Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit,
 For pacing poesy, and ambling wit,
 'Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
 Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess—to thy law
 Myself I dedicate—hence slavish awe
 Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules
 Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools.
 Hence those vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,
 And bring the sober matron forth to view,
 With all that artificial tawdry glare,
 Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear,
 Sick of those'poshps, those vanities, that waste,
 Of toil, which critics now mistake for Taste ;
 Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
 Which Art, too thinly vail'd, forbids to please.
 By Nature's charms (inglorious truth !) subdu'd,
 However plain her dress and 'haviour rude,
 To northern climes my happier course I steer,
 Climes where the Goddess reigns throughout the year,
 Where, undisturb'd by Art's rebellious plan, [year,
 She rules the loyal Laird, and faithful Clan.

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 83

To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe?
What waggon-loads of courage, wealth, and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us she gives, disinterested friend,
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,
Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the Holy Martyr found?

Nor less our debt in Science, tho' deny'd,
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramsays, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote;
Thence Home, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no dull Dean was there;
Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's call,
That old, new, Epic Pastoral, Fingal;
Thence, Malloch, friend alike of Church and State,
Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate
Rais'd to rewards, which, in a pious reign,
All darling Infidels should seek in vain;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
To this wise town by simple patrons brought,
In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.

Waft me, some muse, to Tweed's inspiring stream,
Where all the little Loves and Graces dream;

84 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Where slowly winding the dull waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the pow'r of sleep;
Where, on the surface, lead, like feathers, swims,
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood,
Wash off my native stains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of English pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a patriot tide.

From solemn thought, which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are — God knows how;
From nice trim points, where Honour, slave to rule,
In compliment to Folly, plays the fool:
From those gay scenes, where Mirth exalts his pow'r,
And easy Humour wings the laughing hour;
From those soft better moments, when desire
Beats high, and all the world of Man's on fire;
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At Friendship's summons will my Wilkes retreat,
And see, once seen before, that ancient seat,
That ancient seat, where Majesty display'd
Her ensigns, long before the world was made!

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave,
Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of Kings,
Let rude licentious Englishmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not why;

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 85

Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee Good-humour tempers lively Wit;
Enthron'd with Judgment, Candour loves to sit;
And Nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.

Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted Scot,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, thro' fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
When Scribblers to the charge by int'rest led,
The fierce North Briton foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to Candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
On Northern Pisgah when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that Holy Land,
With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,
Thy gen'rous soul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful, but ill-natur'd page.

The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride;
True is the charge, nor by themselves deny'd.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
If by low supple arts successful grown,
They sapp'd our rigour to increase their own,

86 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

If, mean in want, and insolent in pow'r,
 They only fawn'd more surely to devour;
 Rous'd by such wrongs should Reason take alarm,
 And even the Muse for public safety arm;
 But if they own ingenuous Virtue's sway,
 And follow where true honour points the way;
 If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
 And bless the donors for their daily bread;
 Or, by vast debts of higher import bound,
 Are always humble, always grateful sound;
 If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
 Become discreetly all things to all men,
 That all men may become all things to them,
 Envy may hate, but justice can't condemn.
 " Into our places, states, and beds they creep;"
 They've sense to get, what we want sense to keep.

Once be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
 I ventur'd to blaspheme the chosen race.
 Into those traps, which men, call'd Patriots, laid,
 By specious arts unwarily betray'd,
 Madly I leagu'd against that sacred Earth,
 Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth.

But shall I meanly error's path pursue,
 When heavenly Truth presents her friendly clue?
 Once plung'd in ill, shall I go farther in?
 To make the oath, was rash; to keep it, sin.
 Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
 And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
 Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
 Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 87

Whether to Reason, who now rules my breast,
Or to pure Faith, like Littleton and West)
Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim
To raise new trophies to the Scottish name.
To make (what can the proudest Muse do more ?)
Even Faction's sons her brighter worth adore ;
To make her glories, stamp'd with honest rhimes,
In fullest tide roll down to latest times.

“ Presumptuous wretch ! and shall a Muse like
“ An English Muse, the meanest of the nine, [thine,
“ Attempt a theme like this ! Can her weak strain
“ Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane ?
“ Should he from toils of government retire,
“ And for a moment fan the poet's fire ;
“ Should he, of sciences the moral friend,
“ Each curious, each important search suspend,
“ Leave unassisted Hill of herbs to tell,
“ And all the wonders of a Cockle shell ;
“ Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
“ Would not the Home step forth, and gain the
“ Or if this wreath of honour might adorn, [prize ?
“ The humble brows of one in England born,
“ Presumptuous still thy daring must appear ;
“ Vain all thy tow'ring hopes, whilst I am here.”

Thus spake a form, by filken smile, and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the Laureat known ;
Folly's chief friend, Decorum's eldest son ;
In ev'ry party found, and yet of none.
This airy substance, this substantial shade,
Abash'd I heard, and with respect obey'd.

88 The PPOPHECY of FAMINE.

From themes too lofty for a bard so mean,
Discretion beckons to an humbler scene;
The restless fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and seek the sylvan shade.
Now be the Muse disrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verse by Truth supply'd;
And if plain nature pours a simple strain,
Which Bute may praise, and Ossian not disdain;
Ossian, sublimest, simplest bard of all,
Whom English Infidels, Macpherson call;
Then round my head shall honour's ensigns wave,
And pensions mark me for a willing slave,

Two Boys, whose birth beyond all question springs,
From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which enrob'd in mist,
The mountain top with usual dulness kifs'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

Jockey, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown
With freckles spotted flam'd the golden down;
With meikle art, could on the bagpipes play,
Even from the rising to the setting day:

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 89

Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
Oft at his strains, all natural; tho' rude,
The Highland Lads forgot her want of food;
And, whilst he scratch'd her lover into rest,
Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen;
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green.
The plague of Locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the Chameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's spring, which thro' the country ran,
Furnish'd with bitter draughts the steady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows.
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, Nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beast supply'd.
Their snares without entangling briers spread,
And thistles, arm'd against th' invader's head,
Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose,
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.

90 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

All creatures which, on Nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight;
Creatures which, when admitted in the ark,
Their Saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place within: marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies;
In quest of food, Efts strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall;
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And Famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne,

Here, for the fullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wint'ry blast;
A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
The boys for shelter made; behind, the sheep,
Of which those shepherds ev'ry day take keep,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On Nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

J O C K E Y.

Sith to this cave, by tempest, we're confin'd,
And within ken our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
Are laid among yon thistles, dry and warm,

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 51

What, Sawney, if by shepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry roundelay?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

S A W N E Y.

Ah, Jockey, ill advisest thou, I wis,
To think of songs at such a time as this.
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.

J O C K E Y.

Still have I known thee for a silly swain;
Of things past help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spight;
No sky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve; what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right areeds, must be endur'd.

S A W N E Y.

Full silly swain, I wot, is Jockey now;
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Didst thou forswear the pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Apply'd those proverbs, which you now apply?

92 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

JOCKEY.

O she was bonny ! all the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found !
More precious (tho' that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine, which we brimstone call,
Or that choice plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which, in I know not what far country, grows;
Was Maggy unto me ; dear do I rue,
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY.

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
'Thro' all the land did Jamie find a peer ?
Curst be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapless swain,
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young Laird discretely fled,
Was seiz'd and hang'd, till he was dead, dead, dead !

JOCKEY.

Full forely may we all lament that day :
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful
swains ;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died :
Ah, silly swains ! to follow war's alarms,
Ah ! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms !

E.
The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 93

S A W N E Y.

all,
s;
Mention it not—there saw I strangers clad
In all the honours of our ravish'd Plaid ;
Saw the Ferrara too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the aukward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay ;
Bless'd those which fell ! curs'd those which still
survive,
To mourn fifteen renew'd in forty-five.

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fal
Thus plain'd the Boys, when, from her throne
of turf,
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, nor abstinence could quell,
Pale Famine rear'd the head ; her eager eyes,
Where hunger even to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from her orbs to start ;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell ;
With double rows of useless teeth supply'd,
Her mouth, from ear to ear extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and cursing, swallow'd nought but wind ;
All shrivell'd was her skin ; and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare ;
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd Plaid she threw.

92 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

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In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young Laird discretely fled,
Was seiz'd and hang'd, till he was dead, dead, dead !

JOCKEY.

Full sorely may we all lament that day :
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful
swains ;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died ;
Ah, silly swains ! to follow war's alarms,
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Mention it not—there saw I strangers clad
 In all the honours of our ravish'd Plaid;
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 Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
 There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
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 Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still
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 All shrivell'd was her skin; and here and there,
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 Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
 O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd Plaid she threw.

54 The PROPHECY of FAMINE

Cease, cried the Goddess, cease, despairing swains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!

Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial Fortune never design'd to smile;
Like Nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves,
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought,
Whom still with unslack'd hate we view, and still
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life or throw away;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their King they sold
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still.
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:
There like the Sons of Israel, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns
With some few natives join'd, some pliant few
Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue,

THE PROPHECY of FAMINE. 95

There shall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owner's leave.

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat Bees shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And Scotsmen reap what they disdain'd to sow;
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us the rain shall fall, the dew distill;
When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies.

His brawny arm shall drudging Labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit our's;
For us, the Oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless travel thro' the deep;
The sail of Commerce for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
For us, sublimer heights shall science reach;
For us, their Statesmen plot, their Churchmen preach,
Their noblest limbs of counsel we'll disjoint,
And mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring War, imprison'd in the north,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell discord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with anger, hate, and fear,
And desolation stalking in the rear;
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,

96 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

Think not, my sons, that this so bless'd estate
Stands at a distance on the roll of fate;
Already big with hopes of future sway,
Even from this cave I scent my destin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
Whose former deeds shall time's last annals grace,
In the rough face of peril must be sought,
And with the lives of thousands dearly bought;
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laughs to scorn the blund'ring hero's heart,
Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

When Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore
Their choicest levies to a foreign shore,
What if we seiz'd, like a destroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd th' realm with blood,
Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,
And, scorning mercy, spar'd nor sex nor age;
When, for our interest too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent possess'd the throne;
What if we strove divisions to foment,
And spread the flames of civil discontent;
Assisted those who 'gainst their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
When restless Glory bade her sons advance,
And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France;
What if, disdaining oaths, an empty sound,
By which our nation never shall be bound,

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 97

Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam [home ;
Thro' the weak land, and brought cheap laurels
When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
Of Law, Religion, Liberty, and Sense,
When they against their lawful monarch rose,
And dar'd the Lord's Anointed to oppose ;
What if we still rever'd the banish'd race,
And strove the Royal Vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions shook th' unsettled state,
And greatly dar'd, tho' cross'd by partial fate ?
These facts, which might, where wisdom held the
Awake the very stones to bar our way, [fway,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an English brain.
Bless'd with that Faith, which mountain can remove,
First they shall Dupes, next Saints, last Martyrs
prove.

Already is this game of fate begun
Under the sanction of my Darling Son ;
That Son, of nature royal as his name,
Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame ;
His boundless pow'r, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked
straight ;

Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
And sink the mountain level to the plain.
Discord, whom in a cavern under ground
With massy fetters their late Patriot bound,
Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curses to the vacant air ;
Where, that she never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door ;

98 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

For better purpose shall our Chief release,
Disguise her for a time, and call her Peace.

Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak *English* help themselves to cheat;
To gain our love, with honours shall they grace,
The old adherents of the Stuarts race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites, are still the same;
To soothe our rage, the temporising brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude;
Against their Saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their William's name,
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith shall they commit
(Our faith which, in extremest perils tried,
Disdain'd, and still disdains, to change her side)
That sacred Majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys, and best deserves their Love,

AN
EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

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T O

WILLIAM HOGARTH:

AMONGST the sons of men how few are known,
 Who dare be just to merit not their own!
 Superior virtue and superior sense
 To knaves and fools will always give offence;
 Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
 So nice is jealousy, a rival there,

Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's base,
 Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race;
 Let Vice and Folly thy black soul divide,
 Be proud with meannels, and be mean with pride;
 Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour fall
 From side to side, yet be of none at all;
 Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
 Which nature in her bounty, good as wise,
 To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
 Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
 Lift against Virtue Power's oppressive rod,
 Betray thy Country, and deny thy God;
 And, in one gen'ral comprehensive line,
 To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
 Whate'er of Sin and Dulness can be said,
 Join to a F——'s heart a D——'s head;
 Yet may'st thou pass unnotic'd in the throng,
 And, free from Envy, safely sneak along.

The rigid Saint, by whom no mercy's shewn
To saints whose lives are better than his own,
Shall spare thy crimes : and Wit, who never once
Forgave a Brother, shall forgive a Dunce.

But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
Vile Int'rest scorn, nor madly grasp at pow'r;
Should love of Fame, in ev'ry noble mind
A brave disease with love of Virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where Courage, tried
In Reason's court, is amply justified;
Or, fond of knowledge, and averse to strife,
Should'st thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Should'st thou, by pale and sickly Study led,
Pursue coy Science to the Fountain head;
Virtue thy guide, and Public Good thy end,
Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the sick weal and humanize mankind :
Rage in her eye, and Malice in her breast,
Redoubled Horror grinning on her crest,
Fiercer each snake, and sharper ev'ry dart,
Quick from her cell shall madd'ning Envy start.
Then shalt thou find, but find alas ! too late,
How vain is Worth ! how short is Glory's date !
Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes conspire
To give more proof than Virtue would desire,
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well ;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.

Whilst Satire thus disdainng mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,

Candour, who, with the charity of Paul,
Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness blest'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd.

Canst Thou, with more than usual warmth, she
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride, (cry'd,
Canst Thou, severe by Nature as thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture Truth ten thousand ways,
To spin detraction forth from themes of praise;
To make Vice fit for purposes of strife,
And drag the Hag, much larger than the life;
To make the good seem bad, and bad seem worse,
And represent our Nature as a curse!

Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate, and not to heal?
Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And danger grinning, stare thee in the face,
Loud as the drum, which, spreading terror round
From emptiness, acquires the pow'r of sound!
Doth not the voice of Norton strike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fear?
Dost Thou, fond man, believe thyself secure,
Because thou'rt honest, and because thou'rt poor?
Dost Thou on Law and Liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
Art Thou beyond the ruffian gripe of pow'r,
When Wilkes, prejudg'd, is sentenc'd to the Tow'r?
Dost Thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?

Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
 On which state-scoundrels oft have safety found)
 Dost Thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
 Unpunish'd thus to libel human kind?

When Poverty, the Poet's constant crime,
 Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme,
 Had not Romantic notions turn'd thy head,
 Had'st thou not valu'd honour more than bread;
 Had in'trest, pliant in'trest, been thy guide,
 And had not prudence been debauch'd by pride,
 In flattery's stream Thou would'st have dipp'd thy
 Apply'd to great, and not to honest men; (pen
 Nor should conviction have seduc'd thy heart
 To take the weaker, tho' the better part.

What but rank Folly for thy curse decreed,
 Could into Satire's barren path mislead,
 When, open to thy view, before thee lay
 Soul-soothing Panegyric's flow'ry way?
 There might the muse have saunter'd at her ease,
 And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please.
 Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
 And Ladies, simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet;
 Rogues, in thy prudent verse, with virtue grac'd;
 Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of Taste,
 Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
 Such wit, such truth as thine, to quit the gown.
 Thy sacred Brethren too (for they no less
 Than Laymen, bring their off'ring to success)
 Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
 Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst Thou

WILLIAM HOGARTH. 103

In Lawn hadst whisper'd to the sleeping croud,
As dull as R——, and half as proud.

Peace, Candour—wisely had'st thou said and well,
Could int'rest in this breast one moment dwell;
Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
The firm resolves which from conviction rose?
I cannot truckle to a Fool of State,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
Free leave have others by such means to shine;
Scorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.

But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that Elf,
Whom God in wrath for man's dishonour fram'd,
Cunning in Heav'n, amongst us Prudence nam'd;
That servile Prudence, which I leave to those
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.
Had I, with cruel and oppressive rhimes,
Pursu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made Modesty in blushes speak,
And drawn the tear down Beauty's sacred cheek;
Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
To wound that Sex, which Honour bids me praise;
Had I, from vengeance by base views betray'd,
In endless night sunk injur'd Ayliff's shade;
Had I (which Satirists of mighty name,
Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for moral fame,
Have done before, whom Justice shall pursue
In future verse) brought forth to public view

A noble Friend, and made his foibles known,
Because his worth was greater than my own;
Had I spar'd those (so Prudence had decreed)
Whom God so help me at my greatest need,
I ne'er will spare those vipers to their King,
Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they sting;
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast
Of those, who flatter least, but love him most;
Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; myself should be the first
To hate myself, and stamp my muse accurs'd.

But shall my arm—forbid it manly Pride,
Forbid it, Reason warring on my side—
For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
And hang suspended in the desert air;
Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down,
Palsied, forsooth, by Candour's half-made frown?
When Justice bids me on, shall I delay,
Because insipid Candour bars my way?
When she, of all alike the puling friend,
Would disappoint my Satire's noblest end;
When she to villains would a sanction give,
And shelter those who are not fit to live;
When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush,
All leagues with Candour proudly I resign;
She cannot be for Honour's turn or mine.

Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
Whom vice can't fear, whom virtue can't commend

Come, Candour, by thy dull indifference known,
 Thou equal-blooded judge, Thou lukewarm drone,
 Who fashion'd without feelings, dost expect
 We call that virtue, which we know Defect;
 Come, and observe the Nature of our crimes;
 The gross and rank complexion of the times;
 Observe it well, and then review my plan;
 Praise if you will, or censure if you can.

Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
 And Piety is only known at Court;
 Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
 Beneath the fatal burthen of Excise;
 Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
 What men of humble rank would blush to name;
 Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
 Worshipp'd by those, who Justice never knew;
 Whilst Bubbles of Distinction waste in play,
 The hours of rest, and blunder thro' the day;
 With dice and cards opprobrious wigs keep,
 Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep;
 Whilst Fathers, by relentless passion led,
 Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
 Merely with ill-got, ill-sav'd wealth to grace
 An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race:
 Whilst Martin flatters only to betray,
 And Webb gives up his dirty soul for pay;
 Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
 Whilst Peers are Agents made, and Agents Peers;
 Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
 And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;

Whilst C—, false to God and man for gold,
 Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,
 To shame his Master, Friend, and Father gives;
 Whilst Butë remains in pow'r, whilst Holland lives,
 Can Satire want a subject, where Disdain,
 By Virtue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain;
 Where cloth'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
 And Candour justify the rage of song?

* Such things! such men before thee! such an age!
 Where rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage
 And sicken even to surfeit; where the pride
 Of Satire, pouring down in fullest tide,
 May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
 Justice behold the ruin with a smile;
 Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
 Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem;
 Wilt thou, degenerate and corrupted, chuse
 To soil the credit of thy haughty Muse?
 With fallacy, most infamous, to stain
 Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
 When I beheld thee incorrect, but bold,
 A various comment on the Stage unfold;
 When Play'rs on Play'rs before thy satire fell,
 And poor Reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell
 When States and Statesmen next became thy care
 And only kings were safe if thou wast there;
 Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in Judgment's scale,
 And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail.

Why dost Thou now to Falshood meanly fly
 Not even Candour can forgive a lie,

WILLIAM HOGARTH. 109

Bad as Men are, why should thy frantic rhymes
 Traffic in slander, and invent new crimes;
 Crimes, which existing only in thy mind,
 Weak Spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind?
 By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
 To practise virtue, and improve in art;
 To thwart these ends (which, proud of honest fame,
 A noble Muse would cherish and inflame)
 Thy Drudge contrives, and in our full career
 Sick lies our hopes with the pale hue of Fear;
 Tell us that all our labours are in vain;
 That what we seek we never can obtain;
 That, dead to Virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
 Envy possesses the whole race of man;
 That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
 Danger extreme, in being good and wise.

'Tis a rank falsehood: search the world around,
 There cannot be so vile a monster found;
 Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
 Of that gross guilt which you impute to all.
 Approv'd by those who disobey her laws,
 Virtue from Vice itself extorts applause.
 Her very foes bear witness to her state;
 They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
 Hate Virtue for herself, with spite pursue
 Merit for Merit's sake! might this be true,
 I would renounce my Nature with disdain,
 And with the beasts that perish graze the plain.
 Might this be true, had we so far slid up
 The measure of our crimes, and from the cup

Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,
 Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg behind,
 Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
 And Providence in Justice crush us all.
 None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
 Those who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
 Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
 At once into such deep damnation fall;
 By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
 Which even in Hell must be a work of time.
 Cease then thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
 With the foul gall of discontent o'er-run,
 List to my voice—be honest, if you can,
 Nor slander Nature in her fav'rite man.
 But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
 Once having err'd, persists in error still,
 Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
 And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
 Which I would stamp as false, tho' on the tongue
 Of Angels the injurious slander hung.

Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
 Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself)
 Or blinded by that rage, did'st thou believe
 That we too, coolly, would ourselves deceive?
 That we, as sterling falsehood would admit,
 Because 'twas season'd with some little wit?
 When Fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
 Men will believe, because they love the lie;
 But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
 Must have some solemn proofs to pass her down.

WILLIAM HOGARTH. III

Hast thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
 And bring into contempt the human race;
 Hast thou, or can'st thou, in Truth's sacred court,
 To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
 Produce one proof, make out one real ground
 On which so great, so gross a charge to found?
 Nay, dost thou know one man (let that appear,
 From wilful falshood I'll proclaim thee clear)
 One man so lost, to Nature so untrue,
 From whom this gen'ral charge thy rashness drew?
 On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall—
 Prove that in one, which you have charg'd on all.
 Reason determines; and it must be done;
 Amongst men, or past, or present, name me one.

Hogarth—I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
 Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard.
 Thee have I heard with virulence declaim;
 Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
 By thee have I been charg'd in angry strains
 With that mean falshood which my soul disdains—
 Hogarth, stand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
 Now, Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
 Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear
 To tax my wrath, and my own conduct clear—
 Hogarth, stand forth—I dare thee to be tried
 In that great court, where Conscience must preside;
 At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand:
 Think before whom, on what account you stand—
 Speak, but consider well—from first to last
 Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action past—

Nay, you shall have no reason to complain—
 Take longer time, and view them o'er again,
 Canst thou remember from thy earliest youth,
 And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,
 A single instance where, Self laid aside,
 And justice taking place of fear and pride,
 Thou with an equal eye did'st Genius view,
 And give to Merit what was Merit's due?
 Genius and Merit are a sure offence,
 And thy soul sickens at the name of Sense.
 Is any one so foolish to succeed?
 On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed.
 Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
 The place of Executioner supplies.
 See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
 And proves himself, by cruelty, a priest.

Whilst the weak Artist, to thy whims a slave,
 Would bury all those pow'rs which Nature gave;
 Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
 Those rays, thy jealousy could not endure:
 To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
 And to secure thy credit blast his own,
 In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend;
 He could not fear, and therefore might commend.
 But when his Spirit, rous'd by honest Shame,
 Shook off that lethargy, and soar'd to Fame;
 When, with the pride of Man, resolv'd and strong,
 He scorn'd those fears which did his Honour wrong,
 And, on himself determin'd to rely,
 Brought forth his labours to the public eye,

WILLIAM HOGARTH. 113

No Friend in thee could such a Rebel know;
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.

Souls of a tim'rous cast, of pretty name
In Envy's court, nor yet quite dead to shame,
May some remorse, some qualms of conscience feel,
And suffer Honour to abate their zeal.
But the man, truly and compleatly great,
Allows no rule of action but his hate;
Thro' ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
Passion his principle, and Parts his prey.
Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind
Within the pale of Temperance confin'd;
The daring Spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
And, good or bad, is always in extremes.

Man's practice duly weigh'd through ev'ry age
On the same plan hath Envy form'd her rage.
Gainst those whom Fortune hath our rivals made,
In way of Science, and in way of Trade,
Stung with mean Jealousy she arms her spite,
First works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our Hogarth here a grand improver shines,
And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines;
He, like himself, o'erleaps the servile bound;
Worth is his mark, where-ever worth is found.
Should Painters only his vast wrath suffice?
Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize.
'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When Wilkes, our countryman, our common
 Arose, his King, his country to defend; [friend,
 When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
 And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew;
 When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
 To soil his honour, and his truth impeach;
 What could induce thee, at a time and place,
 Where manly foes had blush'd to shew their face,
 To make that effort, which must damn thy name,
 And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame?
 Did Virtue move thee? no, 'twas Pride, rank Pride;
 And if thou had'st not done it, thou had'st dy'd.
 Malice (who, disappointed of her end,
 Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
 Preys on herself, and driven to the stake,
 Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
 Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmost verge,
 Had Wilkes and Liberty escap'd thy scourge.

When that Great Charters which our Fathers
 bought
 With their best blood, was into question brought;
 When big with ruin, o'er each English head
 Vile Slav'ry hung suspended by a thread;
 When Liberty, all trembling and aghast,
 Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past;
 When ev'ry breast was chill'd with deep despair,
 Till Reason pointed out that Pratt was there;
 Lurking, most Russian-like, behind a screen,
 So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen,
 Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
 The murd'rous pencil in his palsy'd hand,

WILLIAM HOGARTH. 115

What was the cause of Liberty to him,
 Or what was Honour? let them sink or swim,
 So he may gratify, without controul,
 The mean resentments of his selfish soul.
 Let Freedom perish, if, to Freedom true,
 In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too.

With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
 With age and sickness pinch'd, and worn away;
 Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring tongue,
 The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
 Thy body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
 Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk,
 The body's weight unable to sustain,
 The stream of life scarce trembling thro' the vein,
 More than half-kill'd by honest truths, which sell,
 Thro' thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee well;
 Can'st thou, even thus, thy thoughts to vengeance
 And, dead to all things else, to Malice live? [give,
 Hence, Dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in;
 By deep repentance wash away thy sin;
 From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
 And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

Vain exhortation! wash the Æthiop white,
 Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
 Controul the course of Nature, bid the Deep
 Hush at thy Pygmy voice her waves to sleep,
 Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
 Too weak to work a change in such a heart;
 That Envy, which was woven in the frame
 At first, will to the last remain the same.

Reason may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
 Improves by time, and gathers strength from age;
 Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
 Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
 Tell us that Envy, who with giant-stride
 Stalks thro' the vale of life by Virtue's side,
 Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
 And calmly hears her praises after death.
 To such observers Hogarth gives the lie;
 Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
 Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
 A mansion suited well to such a guest,
 Immortal, unimpair'd she rears her head,
 And damns alike the living and the dead.

Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,
 Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,
 Thro' the dull measure of a summer's day,
 In phrase most vile, prate long long hours away;
 Whilst friends with friends, all gaping sit, and gaze,
 To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise.
 But if athwart thee Interruption came,
 And mention'd with respect some Antient's name;
 Some Antient's name, who in the days of yore
 The crown of Art, with greatest honour wore,
 How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale,
 And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale?
 How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
 And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own?
 Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
 And Arts and Artists all became thy prey;

Then didst thou trample on establish'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools;
Condemn'd those works, with praise thro' ages grac'd,
Which you had never seen, or could not taste.

"But would mankind have true perfection shown,

"It must be found in labours of my own.

"I dare to challenge in one single piece,

"Th' united force of Italy and Greece."

Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,

And brought the boasted master-piece to view.

Spare thy remarks—say not a single word—

The picture seen, why is the painter heard?

Call not up shame and anger in our cheeks;

Without a comment Sigismunda speaks.

Poor Sigismunda! what a fate is thine!

Dryden, the great High-Priest of all the nine,

Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muse could give,

And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live;

Gave thee those soft sensations, which might move

And warm the coldest Anchorer to love;

Gave thee that Virtue, which could curb desire,

Refine and consecrate love's headstrong fire;

Gave thee those griefs, which made the Stoic feel,

And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;

Gave thee that firmness, which our Sex may shame,

And make man bow to woman's juster claim,

So that our tears, which from compassion flow,

Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.

But O, how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!

How much from Nature, and herself estrang'd!

How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To shew her feelings, and awaken ours,
Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
The helpless victim of a dauber's hand!

But why, my Hogarth, such a progress made,
So rare a pattern for the sign-post trade;
In the full force, and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was Heroic painting laid aside?
Why is it not resum'd? thy friends at court,
Men all in place and pow'r crave thy support;
Be grateful then for once, and thro' the field
Of politics, thy Epic pencil wield;
Maintain the cause, which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.

Through ev'ry Pannel let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell!
How England's sons (whom they conspir'd to bless
Against our will, with insolent success)
Approve their fall, and with addresses run,
How got, God knows, to hail the Scottish Sun?
Point out our fame in war, when vengeance hurl'd
From the strong arm of Justice, shook the world;
Thine, and thy country's honour to increas,
Point out the honours of succeeding peace;
Our Moderation, Christian-like, display,
Shew, what we got, and what we gave away.
In Colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a State-Chaos thro' the whole prevail.

But, of events regardless, whilst the Muse
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme pursues;

Whilst her quick spirits rouse at Freedom's call,
 And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
 Whilst a dear Country, and an injur'd Friend,
 Urge my strong anger to the bitt' rest end;
 Whilst honest trophies to revenge are rais'd,
 Let not one real virtue pass unprais'd.
 Justice with equal course bids Satire flow,
 And loves the virtue of her greatest foe.

O! that I here could that rare virtue mean
 Which scorns the rule of Envy, Pride, and Spleen;
 Which springs not from the labour'd works of art,
 But hath its rise from nature in the heart;
 Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,
 And spreads with joy the blessings all around!
 But truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
 Contented with a different kind of Praise,
 Must Hogarth stand, that praise which Genius gives,
 In which to latest time the artist lives,
 But not the Man; which rightly understood,
 May make us great, but cannot make us good.
 That praise be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
 The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there.
 Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
 Myself would labour to replace the Crown.

In walks of Humour, in that cast of style,
 Which probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
 In Comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
 Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
 Where a beginning, middle, and an end
 Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
 Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
 So as to form one true and perfect whole,

Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrival'd stands, and shall engage
Unrival'd praise to the most distant age.

How could'st thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun?
Why did Ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools?
By different methods different men excell,
But where is He, who can do all things well?
Humour's thy province; for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the frenzy of Sublime.
But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor see those faults which ev'ry blockhead saw?
Blush, thou vain man, and if desire of fame,
Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.

But should fond Candour, for her mercy sake,
With pity view, and pardon this mistake;
Or should oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of Arts despis'd, of Artists by thy frown,
Aw'd from just hopes of rising, worth kept down,
Of all thy meannells thro' this mortal race,
Can'st thou the living memory erase?
Or shall not Vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which you gave?

WILLIAM HOGARTH. 121

With so much merit and so much success,
With so much pow'r to curse, so much to bless;
Would he have been Man's friend, instead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little God below.

Why then, like savage giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in Scripture story we are told,
Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,
Which nature meant to save, not to destroy?
Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins Thou hast made?
Most rank Ill-nature must applaud thy art;
But even Candour must condemn thy heart.

For Me, who warm and zealous for my friend,
In spite of railing thousands, will commend,
And no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,
In spite of commending thousands, will oppose,
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age, in which, as in a glass,
We see how men to dissolution pass.
Thou wretched Being, whom, on Reason's plan,
So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a man;
What could persuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afresh into the Sea of Strife?
Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
Almost as much a child as at thy birth,
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of death.
Why would thy grey, grey hairs resentment brave,
Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave?
Now, by my soul, it makes me blush to know
My spirits could descend to such a foe.

Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke,
It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke.

Sure 'tis a curse which angry Fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay:
What bitter pangs must humbled Genius feel,
In their last hours, to view a Swift and Steele?
How much ill-boding horrors fill her breast,
When she beholds men mark'd above the rest
For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second Childhood's night!
Are men, indeed, such things, and are the best
More subject to this evil, than the rest;
To drive out whole years of Idiot breath,
And sit the monuments of living death?
O galling circumstance to human pride!
Abasing thought, but not to be denied!
With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought;
Constant Attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind,
But let not youth, to insolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Possess'd of Genius, with unhallow'd rage,
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
The greatest Genius to this fate may bow:
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now,

A. D. 1815

THE

GHOST.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

D 8

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT hath been thought not improper to prefix to this Edition of the GHOST, the following summary Account of the proceedings in regard to some strange noises, heard the beginning of the year 1762, at a house in Cock-lane, West-Smithfield, London, which gave rise to the ensuing Poem.

Mr Parsons, the officiating Clerk of St Sepulchre's, observing one morning at early prayers, a genteel couple standing in the aisle, ordered them into a pew; and, being afterwards thanked for his civility by the gentleman, who asked if he could inform him of a lodging in the neighbourhood, Parsons offered his own house, which was accepted of. Some time after, in the absence of the gentleman, who was in the country, Mr Parsons's daughter, a child of eleven years of age, being taken by Miss Fanny (the name the gentlewoman went by) to her bed, Miss Fanny complained one morning to the family, of both having been greatly disturbed by violent noises. Mrs Parsons, at a loss to account for this, bethought herself of a neighbouring industrious shoe-maker, whom they concluded to be the cause of the disturbance. Soon after, on a Sunday night, Miss Fanny getting out of bed, called to Mrs Parsons, "Pray, does your shoe-maker work so hard on Sunday nights too?" to which being answered in the negative, Mrs Parsons, &c. were desired to come into the chamber, and be themselves witnesses to the truth of the assertion. At this time several persons were invited to assist, and among the rest the late Rev. Mr Linden, but he excused himself; and the gentleman and lady removing into the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, (where she soon after died) the noise discontinued at the house of Parsons, from the time of their leaving it to the first of January 1762, or thereabouts, the space of above a year and a half; and then began the second visitation, as for distinction sake we may venture to call it.

In this visitation, then, the child, upon certain knockings and scratchings, which seemed to proceed from be-

neath her bedstead, was sometimes thrown into violent fits and agitations; and a woman attendant, of the father, Mr Parsons, put questions to the spirit or ghost, as it was supposed by the credulous to be, and they also dictated how many knocks should serve for an answer either in the affirmative or negative; and though these scratchings and knockings disturbed Fanny before her death, it was now supposed to be her spirit which thus harrassed the poor family. In this manner of converse she charged one Mr —, whose first wife was her sister, and with whom she afterwards lived in fornication, with having poisoned her, by putting arsenic into purl, and administering it to her, when ill of the small-pox. Numbers of persons of fortune and character, and several clergymen, assisted at the vagaries of this invisible knocker and scratcher, and though no discovery could be made, by the several removals of the girl to other houses, where the noises still followed her, (the supposed ghost protesting she would follow her where-ever she went) though wainscots and floorings were torn away, to facilitate a detection of any imposture, to no purpose; yet the rational part of the town could not be made to believe, but that there was some fraud in the affair, considering the known faculty many people called Ventriloqui have had of uttering strange noises, and making them appear to come from any place they thought proper, without any visible motion of their lips; and this suspicion was confirmed by the attestations of the clergymen, and some gentlemen of the faculty, who visited the deceased in her illness, and of some other persons of unquestionable credit; and the guilt of the imposture, in some measure, fixed upon the parents and their friends, by some facts contained in the following Advertisement:

To the Public.—We, whose names are underwritten, thought it proper, upon the approbation of the Lord-mayor, received on Saturday last in the afternoon, to see Mr Parsons yesterday, and to ask him in respect of the time when his child should be brought to Clerkenwell. He replied in these words, "That he consented to the examination proposed, provided that some persons con-

" nested with the girl might be permitted to be there, to divert her in the day-time." This was refused, being contrary to the plan. He then mentioned a woman, whom he affirmed to be unconnected, and not to have been with her. Upon being sent for, she came, and was a person well known to us, by having been constantly with her, and very intimate with this Familiar, as she is called. Upon this he, Mr Parsons, recommended an unexceptionable person, the daughter of a relation, who was a gentleman of fortune. After an inquiry into her character, he informed us, that this unexceptionable person had obliged her father, and was out at service. Upon this we answered, " Mr Parsons, if you can procure any person or persons, of strict character and reputation, who are house-keepers, such will be with pleasure admitted." Upon this he required a little time to seek for such a person. Instead of coming, as he promised, and we expected, one William Lloyd came by his direction, and said as follows:

" Mr Parsons chuses first to consult with his friends, who are at present not in the way, before he gives a positive answer concerning the removal of his daughter to the Rev. Mr Aldrich's."

Signed, WILL. LLOYD.
Brook-street, Holborn.

Within three hours after, we received another message from Mr Parsons, by the same hand, to wit:

" If the Lord-mayor will give his approbation, the child shall be removed to the Rev. Mr Aldrich's."

The plan before-mentioned was thus set forth in the public papers: The girl was to be brought to the house of the said clergyman, without any person whatever that had, or was supposed to have the least connection with her. The father was to be there: not suffered to be in the room, but in a parlour, where there could be no sort of communication, attended by a proper person. A bed, without any furniture, was to be set in the middle of a large room, and the chairs to be placed round it. The persons to be present were some of the clergy, a physician, surgeon, apothecary, and a justice of the peace. The child was to be undressed, examined, and put to bed, by

a lady of character and fortune. Gentlemen of established character, both clergy and laity, (amongst whom was a noble lord, who desired to attend,) were to have been present at the examination. We have done, and still are ready to do every thing in our power, to detect an imposture, if any, of the most unhappy tendency, both to the public and individuals.

STE. ALDRICH,

Rector of St John's, Clerkenwell.

JAMES PENN,

Lecturer of St Ann's, Aldersgate.

In pursuance of the above plan, many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, by the invitation of the Rev. Mr Aldrich of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house the 31st of January, and next day appeared the following account of what passed upon the occasion:

"About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber, in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied, in the strongest terms, any knowledge or belief of fraud.

As the supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault, under the church of St John, Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there by a knock upon her coffin, it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit.

While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies, who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentleman entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, and was required to hold her hands out of bed; from that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.

The spirit was then seriously advertised, that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin, was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company, at one, went into the church, and the gentleman, to whom the promise was made, went, with one more, into the vault: the spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise; but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused by the ghost then went down, with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return, they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three, she desired, and was permitted, to go home with her father.

It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly, "that the child has some art of making, or counterfeiting, particular noises, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

To elude the force of this conclusion, it was given out, that the coffin in which the body of the supposed ghost had been deposited, or at least the body itself, had been displaced, or removed out of the vault. Mr K——, therefore, thought proper to take with him to the vault the undertaker who buried Miss F——, and such other unprejudiced persons, as on inspection might be able to prove the weakness of such a suggestion.

Accordingly, on February 25, in the afternoon, Mr K——, with a clergyman, the undertaker, clerk, and sexton of the parish, and two or three gentlemen, went into the vault: when the undertaker presently knew the coffin, which was taken from under the others, and easily seen to be the same, as there was no plate or inscription; and, to satisfy further, the coffin being opened before Mr K——, the body was found in it.

Others, in the mean time, were taking other steps to find out where the fraud, if any, lay. The girl was removed from house to house, and was said to be constantly attended with the usual noises, though bound and muffled hand and foot; and that without any motion in her lips, and when she appeared asleep. Nay they were often said to be heard in rooms at a considerable distance from that where she lay.

At last her bed was tied up, in the manner of a hammock, about a yard and a half from the ground, and her hands and feet extended as wide as they could without injury, and fastened with fillets for two nights successively, during which no noises were heard.

The next day, being pressed to confess, and being told, that if the knockings and scratchings were not heard any more, she, her father and mother, would be sent to Newgate: and half an hour being given her to consider, she desired she might be put to bed, to try if the noises would come: she lay in bed this night much longer than usual, but no noises. This was on a Saturday.

Sunday, being told that the approaching night only would be allowed for a trial, she concealed a board about four inches broad, and six long, under her stays. This board was used to set the kettle upon. Having got into bed, she told the gentleman she would bring F— at six the next morning.

The master of the house, however, and a friend of his being informed by the maids, that the girl had taken a board to bed with her, impatiently waited for the appointed hour, when she began to knock and scratch upon the board, remarking, however, what they themselves were convinced of, "that these noises were not like those which used to be made." She was then told, that she had taken a board to bed, and on her denying it, searched and caught in a lie.

The two gentlemen, who, with the maids, were the only persons present at this scene, sent to a third gentleman, to acquaint him that the whole affair was detected, and to desire his immediate attendance: but he brought another along with him.

Their concurrent opinion was, that the child had been frightened into this attempt, by the threats which had been made the two preceding nights: and the master of the house also, and his friend, both declared, "That the noises the girl had made that morning, had not the least likeness to the former noises."

Probably the organs, with which she performed these strange noises, were not always in a proper tone for that

purpose, and she imagined she might be able to supply the place of them by a piece of beard.

At length Mr K—— thought proper to vindicate his character in a legal way. On the 20th of July, the father and mother of the child, one Mary Frazer, who, it seems, acted as an interpreter between the ghost and those who examined her, a clergyman, and a reputable tradesman, were tried at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield, by a special jury, and convicted of conspiracy against the life and character of Mr K——.

But the court chusing, that Mr K——, who had been so much injured on this occasion, should receive some reparation by the punishment of the offenders, deserved giving sentence for seven or eight months, in hopes that parties might make it up in the meantime. Accordingly the clergyman and tradesmen agreed to pay Mr K—— round sum, some say, between 5 and 600 l. to purchase their pardon, and were thereupon dismissed, with a severe reprimand. The father was ordered to be set on the pillory three times in one month, once at the end of Cock Lane, and after that to be imprisoned two years; Elizabeth his wife, one year, and Mary Frazer, six months. Bridewell, and to be there kept to hard labour.

The father appearing to be out of his mind at the time he was first to stand on the pillory, the execution of that part of his sentence was deferred to another day, when, well as on the other days of his standing there, the populace took so much compassion of him, that instead of making him ill, they made a handsome collection for him.



THE

GHOST

BOOK I.

WITH eager search to dart the soul,
Curiously vain from pole to pole,
And from the planets wand'ring spheres
T' extort the number of our years;
And whether all those years shall flow
Serenely smooth, or free from woe;
Or rude misfortune shall deform
Our life, with one continual storm;
Or if the scene shall motely be,
Alternate joy and misery;
Is a desire, which, more or less,
All men must feel, tho' few confess.

Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age,
Affords subsistence to the Sage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the stars,
From whom he gains intelligence,
Of things to come some ages hence;
Which unto friends, at easy rates,
He readily communicates.

At its first rise, which all agree on,
 This noble science was Chaldean;
 That ancient people, as they fed
 Their flocks upon the mountains head,
 Gaz'd on the stars, observ'd their motions,
 And suck'd in Astrologic notions,
 Which they so eagerly pursue,
 As folks are apt whate'er is new,
 That things below at random rove,
 Whilst they're consulting things above;
 And when that they so poor were grown,
 That they'd no houses of their own,
 They made bold with their friends the Stars,
 And prudently made use of theirs.

To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd,
 And Fate at Memphis was unravell'd.
 Th' exotic Science soon struck root,
 And flourish'd into high repute.
 Each learned priest, O strange to tell!
 Could circles make and cast a spell;
 Could read and write, and taught the nation
 The holy art of Divination.
 Nobles themselves, for at that time
 Knowledge in nobles was no crime,
 Could talk as learned as the priest,
 And prophecy as much at least.
 Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
 Whose crafty skill mars Nature's hue,
 Who, in vile tatters, with smirch'd face,
 Run up and down from place to place,

To gratify their friend's desire,
From Bamfield Carew, to Moll Squire,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all;
Whom we, mistaking, Gypsies call.

The Grecian Sages borrow'd this,
As they did other Sciences,
From fertile Egypt, tho' the loan
They had not honesty to own.
Dodona's oaks, inspir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic Grove,
Turn'd vegetable Necromancers,
And to all comers gave their answers;
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each subtle priest on three-legg'd stool,
To take in wise men, play'd the fool.
A mystery, so made for gain,
Even now in fashion must remain.
Enthusiasts never will let drop
What brings such business to their shop,
And that great Saint, we Whitfield call,
Keeps up the Humbug Spiritual.

Among the Romans, not a bird,
Without a prophecy was heard;
Fortunes of Empires often hung
On the Magician Magpie's tongue,
And ev'ry Crow was to the State
A sure interpreter of Fate.
Prophets, embodied in a College,
(Time out of mind your seat of knowledge,

For Genius never fruit can bear,
Unless it first is planted there;
And solid learning never falls
Without the verge of College walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was best to watch or sleep,
To eat or drink, to go or stay,
And when to fight or run away,
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a double tripe;
When Emperors would live or die
They in an Ass's scull could spy;
When Gen'als would their station keep,
Or turn their backs, in hearts of sheep.
In matters whether small or great,
In private families or State,
As amongst us, the holy seer
Officiously would interfere;
With pious arts and rev'rend skill
Would bend Lay bigots to his will;
Would help or injure foes or friends,
Just as it serv'd his private ends.
Whether, in honest way of trade,
Traps for Virginitie were laid;
Or if, to make their party great,
Designs were form'd against the State;
Regardless of the common weal,
By Int'rest led, which they call zeal,
Into the scale was always thrown,
The will of Heav'n to back their own.

England, a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow,
Where without culture they arise,
And tow'r above the common size;
England, a fortune-telling host,
As num'rous as the stars, could boast,
Matrons, who toss the cup, and see
The grounds of Fate—and grounds of tea;
Who, vers'd in ev'ry modest lore,
Can a lost Maidenhead restore;
Or, if the pupils rather chuse it,
Can shew the readiest way to lose it;
Gypsies, who ev'ry ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor;
Who charms 'gainst Love and Agues fell;
Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them best known,
To catch all feet, except their own;
Who as to fortune can unlock it,
As easily as pick a pocket;
Scottishmen, who, in their country's right,
Possess the gift of second-sight;
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of prudent wit,
Which reputation to maintain,
They never venture back again)
By lies prophetic heap up riches,
And boast the luxury of breeches.

Among the rest, in former years,
Campbell, illustrious name, appears;

Great hero of futurity,
 Who blind could ev'ry thing foresee,
 Who dumb could ev'ry thing foretell,
 Who fate with equity to sell,
 Always dealt out the will of Heav'n,
 According to what price was giv'n.

Of Scottish race, in Highlands born,
 Possess'd with native pride and scorn,
 He hither came, by custom led,
 To curse the hands which gave him bread.
 With want of truth, and want of sense,
 Amply made up by impudence,
 (A *succedaneum*, which we find
 In common use with all mankind)
 Caress'd and favour'd too by those,
 Whose heart with Patriot feelings glows,
 Who foolishly, where'er dispers'd,
 Still place their native country first;
 (For Englishmen alone have sense,
 To give a stranger preference,
 Whilst modest merit of their own
 Is left in poverty to groan)
 Campbell foretold, just what he wou'd,
 And left the stars to make it good;
 On whom he had impress'd such awe,
 His dictates current pass'd for law;
 Submissive all his empire own'd;
 No star durst smile, when Campbell frown'd,

This Sage deceas'd, for all must die,
 And Campbell's no more safe than I,

No more than I can guard the heart,
When death shall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the spheres;
Another and another came,
Of equal skill, and equal fame;
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wise each frown,
In ev'ry thing so like, you'd swear,
Campbell himself was sitting there.
To all the happy art was known,
To tell our fortunes, make our own.

Seated in garret, for you know,
The nearer to the stars we go,
The greater we esteem his art,
Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part;
The Rich, the Poor, the Maid, the Married,
And those who could not walk, were carried.

The Butler hanging down his head,
By Chamber-maid, or Cook-maid led,
Inquires, if from his friend the Moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd spoon.

The Court-bred Woman of Condition,
Who to approve her disposition
As much superior, as her birth,
To those compos'd of common earth,
With double spirit must engage
(In ev'ry folly of the age)
The honourable arts would buy,
To pack the cards, and cog a die.

The Hero (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place,)
Amongst the chiefs of Butcher Row,
Who might some thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to guess
At his employment by his dress,
Put medicine off from cart to stage,
The grand Toscano of the age;
Or might about the countries go,
High Steward of a Puppet-show;
Steward and stewardship most meet,
For all know puppets never eat;
Who would be thought (tho' save the mark,
That point is something in the dark)
The man of Honour, one like those
Renown'd in story, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight,
Merely for sport, from morn to night;
Who treads like Mayors firm, whose tongue
Is with the triple thunder-bung;
Who cries to fear—stand off—aloof—
And talks as he were cannon proof;
Would be deem'd ready, when you list,
With sword and pistol, stick and fist,
Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box;
But at the same time bears about,
Within himself, some touch of doubt,
Of prudent doubt, which hints—that fame
Is nothing but an empty name;
That life is rightly understood
By all to be a real good;

That, even in a hero's heart,
Discretion is the better part;
That this same honour may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run;
Like Druggier comes, that magic pow'rs
May ascertain his lucky hours.
For at some hours the fickle dame,
Whom Fortune properly we name,
Who ne'er considers wrong or right,
When wanted most, plays least in sight,
And, like a modern court-bred jilt,
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
Some hours there are, when from the heart,
Courage into some other part,
No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear usurps the vacant seat;
Whence planet-struck we often find,
Stuarts and Sackvilles of mankind.

Farther he'd know, (and by his art
A conjurer can that impart)
Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have, or not to have a second;
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own;
Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters' with full stomachs mad;
Whether before he seeks the plain,
It were not well to breath a vein;
Whether a gentle salivation,
Consistently with reputation,

Might not of precious use be found,
 Not to prevent indeed a wound,
 But to prevent the consequence
 Which oftentimes arises thence,
 Those fevers which the patient urge on
 To gates of death by help of surgeon;
 Whether a wind at east or west
 Is for green wounds accounted best;
 Whether (was he to chuse) his mouth
 Should point towards the north or south;
 Whether more safely he might use,
 On these occasions, pumps or shoes;
 Whether it better is to fight,
 By sun-shine, or by candle-light;
 Or, lest a candle should appear
 Too mean to shine in such a sphere,
 (For who could of a candle tell
 To light a hero into hell?)
 And lest the sun should partial rise
 To dazzle one or t' other's eyes,
 Or one or t' other's brains to scorch,
 Might not Dame Luna hold a torch?

These points with dignity discuss'd
 And gravely fix'd, a task which must
 Require no little time and pains,
 To make our hearts friends with our brains;
 The man of war would next engage
 The kind assistance of the sage,
 Some previous method to direct,
 Which should make those of none effect.

THE GHOST. 121

Could he not, from the mystic school
Of art, produce some sacred rule,
By which a knowledge might be got,
Whether men valiant were, or not;
So he that challenges might write
Only to those who would not fight?

Or, could he not some way dispense,
By help of which (without offence
To Honour, whose nice nature's such,
She scarce endures the slightest touch)
When he, for want of t'other rule,
Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,
With some vain fighting blades gets in,
He fairly may get out again?

Or, should some Dæmon lay a scheme
To drive him to the last extreme,
So that he must confess his fears,
In mercy to his nose and ears;
And, like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight;
Could he not some expedient buy
To keep his shame from public eye?
For well he held, and, men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
That Honour's like a maiden-head,
Which if in private brought to bed,
Is nought the worse, but walks the town,
Ne'er lost, until the loss be known.

The Parson too (for now and then,
 Parsons are just like other men,
 And here and there a grave Divine
 Has passions such as your's and mine)
 Burning with holy lust to know
 When Fate preferment will bestow,
 'Fraid of detection, not of sin,
 With circumspection sneaking in
 To Conjurer, as he does to Whore,
 Thro' some Bye-alley, or Back-door,
 With the same caution orthodox
 Consults the stars, and gets a pox.

The Citizen, in fraud grown old,
 Who knows no Deity but Gold,
 Worn out, and gasping now for breath,
 A med'cine wants to keep off Death;
 Would know, if that he cannot have,
 What coins are current in the grave;
 If, when the Stocks (which by his pow'r,
 Would rise or fall in half an hour,
 For, tho' unthought of and unseen,
 He work'd the springs behind the screen)
 By his directions came about,
 And rose to Par he should sell out;
 Whether he safely might, or no,
 Replace it in the Funds below.

By all address'd, believ'd, and paid,
 Many pursu'd the thriving trade,
 And, great in reputation grown,
 Successive held the Magic throne.

Favour'd by ev'ry darling passion,
The love of Novelty and Fashion,
Ambition, Av'rice, Lust, and Pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry side.
But when the prudent laws thought fit
To curb this insolence of Wit;
When Senates wisely had provided,
Decreed, enacted, and decided,
That no such vile and upstart elves
Should have more knowledge than themselves;
When fines and penalties were laid
To stop the progress of the trade;
And stars no longer could dispense,
With honour, farther influence;
And wizzards (which must be confess'd
Was of more force than all the rest)
No certain way to tell had got,
Which were Informers, and which not;
Affrighted Sages were, perforce,
Oblig'd to steer some other course.
By various ways, these sons of Chance
Their Fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing, by unerring rules,
Knives starve not in the Land of Fools.

Some, with high titles and degrees,
Which wise men borrow when they please,
Without or trouble or expence,
Physicians instantly commence,
And proudly boast an equal skill
With those who claim the right to kill.

Others about the countries roam,
(For not One thought of going home)
With pistol and adopted leg
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.

Some, the more subtle of their race,
(Who felt some touch of coward grace,
Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deserving it)
Came to their brother Smollet's aid,
And carried on the critic trade.

Attach'd to Letters, and the Muse,
Some verses wrote, and some wrote news.
Those, each revolving month, are seen,
The Heroes of a Magazine;
These, ev'ry morning, great appear,
In Ledger or in Gazetteer;
Spreading the fallhoods of the day,
By turns for Faden and for Say;
Like Swifts, their force is always laid
On that side where they best are paid.
Hence mighty Prodigies arise,
And daily Monsters strike our eyes;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
More strange than ever Baker made,
Are hawk'd about from street to street,
And Fools believe, whilst Liars eat.

Now armies in the air engage,
To fright a superstitious age;

THE GHOST

145

Now Comets thro' the Æther range,
 In Governments portending change;
 Now rivers to the Ocean fly,
 So quick they leave their channels dry;
 Now monstrous whales, on Lambeth shore,
 Drink the Thames dry, and thirst for more;
 And ev'ry now and then appears
 An Irish savage numb'ring years
 More than those happy Sages cou'd,
 Who drew their breath before the flood.
 Now, to the wonder of all people,
 A church is left without a steeple;
 A steeple now is left in church,
 And mourns departure of the church;
 Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
 Remov'd a furlong off we find.
 Now, wrath on cattle to discharge,
 Hail-stones as deadly fall, and large
 As those which were on Egypt sent,
 At once their crime and punishment;
 Or those which, as the prophet writes,
 Fell on the necks of Amorites;
 When, struck with wonder and amaze,
 The sun suspended, stay'd to gaze;
 And from her duty longer kept,
 In Ajalon his sister slept.

But if such things no more engage
 The taste of a politer age,
 To help them out in time of need,
 Another Tofts must rabbits breed.

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E

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In Ajalon his sister slept.

But if such things no more engage
The taste of a politer age,
To help them out in time of need,
Another Tofts must rabbits breed.

Each pregnant female trembling hears,
And, overcome with spleen and fears,
Consults her faithful glass no more,
But madly bounding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By Fancy turn'd into a doe.

Now to promote their private ends,
Nature her usual course suspends,
And varies from the stated plan
Observ'd e'er since the world began.
Bodies, (which foolishly we thought,
By Custom's servile maxims taught,
Needed a regular supply,
And without nourishment must die,)
With craving appetites, and sense
Of hunger easily dispense;
And, pliant to their wondrous skill,
Are taught, like watches, to stand still
Uninjur'd, for a month or more;
Then go on as they did before.
The novel takes, the tale succeeds,
Amplify supplies its author's needs;
And Betty Canning is at least,
With Gascoyne's help, a six months feast.

Whilst in contempt of all our pains,
The tyrant Superstition reigns,
Imperious in the heart of man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan;
Whilst fond Credulity, who ne'er
The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,

To Reason and herself unjust,
Takes all things blindly upon trust;
Whilst Curiosity, whose rage
No mercy shews to sex or age,
Must be indulg'd at the expence
Of Judgment, Truth, and Common-sense;
Impostures cannot but prevail,
And when old Miracles grow stale,
Jugglers will still the art pursue,
And entertain the world with new.

For them, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty skill,
Sad Spirits, summon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghastly thro' the gloom,
In all the usual pomp of storms,
In horrid customary forms,
A wolf, a bear, a horse, an ape,
As Fear and Fancy give them shape;]
Tormented with despair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
Folly and Guilt (for Guilt howe'er
The face of courage it may wear,
Is still a coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms start.
The Priest, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wise,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unless escorted by his Clerk.

But let not ev'ry Bungler deem
Too lightly of so deep a scheme.

For reputation of the art,
Each Ghost must act a proper part;
Observe Decorum's needful grace,
And keep the laws of Time and Place;
Must change, with happy variation,
His manners with his situation.
What in the country might pass down,
Would be impertinent in town.
No spirit of discretion here
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'Twill serve the purpose more by half
To make the congregation laugh,
We want no ensigns of surprize,
Locks stiff with gore, and sawcer eyes;
Give us an entertaining sprite,
Gentle, familiar, and polite;
One who appears in such a form
As might an holy Hermit warm;
Or who on former schemes refines,
And only talks by sounds and signs,
Who will not in the eye appear,
But pays her visits to the ear,
And knocks so gently, 'twould not fright
A lady in the darkest night.
Such is our Fanny, whose good will,
Which cannot in the grave lie still,
Brings her on earth to entertain
Her friends and Lovers in Cock-Lane.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

T H E
G H O S T.
B O O K II.

A SACRED standard Rule we find
By poets held time out of mind,
To offer at Apollo's shrine,
And call on One, or All the Nine.

This custom, thro' a bigot zeal,
Which moderns of fine taste must feel;
For those who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted stands like many more,
Tho' ev'ry cause, which then conspir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to time's destructive course,
For ages past hath lost its force.

With ancient bards, an invocation
Was a true act of adoration,
Of worship an essential part,
And not a formal piece of art.
Of poultry reading a parade,
A dull solemnity in trade;
A pious fever, taught to burn
An hour or two, to serve a turn.

They talk'd not of Castalian Springs
By way of saying pretty things,
As we dress out our flimsy rhimes;
'Twas the religion of the times,
And they believ'd that holy stream
With greater force made Fancy teem,
Reckon'd by all a true specific
To make the barren brain prolific.
Thus Romish Church (a scheme which bears
Not half so much excuse as theirs)
Since faith implicitly hath taught her,
Reveres the force of holy water

The Pagan System, whether true
Or false, its strength like buildings, drew
From many parts dispos'd to bear
In one great whole, their proper share.
Each God of eminent degree,
To some vast beam compar'd might be:
Each Godling was a peg, or rather
A cramp, to keep the beams together;
And man as safely might pretend
From Jove the thunder-bolt to rend,
As with an impious pride aspire
To rob Apollo of his lyre.

With settled faith and impious awe,
Establish'd by the voice of Law,
Then Poets to the Muses came,
And from their altars caught the flame.
Genius, with Phoebus for his guide,
The Muse ascending by his side,

With tow'ring pinions dar'd to soar,
Where eye could scarcely strain before.

But why should we, who cannot feel.
These glowings of a Pagan zeal,
That wild enthusiastic force,
By which, above her common course,
Nature in ecstasy up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with scorn ;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For their religion than our own,
And feel not half so fierce a flame
At Clio's as at Fisher's name ;
Who know these boasted sacred streams,
Were mere romantic idle dreams ;
That Thames has waters clear as those
Which on the tip of Pindus rose ;
And that the fancy to refine,
Water's not half so good as wine ;
Who know, if profit strikes our eye,
Should we drink Helicon quite dry,
Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
So soon as one poor jug from Tweed ;
Who if to raise poetic fire,
The pow'r of Beauty we require,
In any public place can view
More than the Grecians ever knew ;
If Wit into the scale is thrown,
Can boast a Lenox of our own ;
Why should we servile customs chuse,
And court an antiquated Muse ?

No matter why—to ask a Reason,
In Pedant Bigotry, is Treason.

In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of hackney'd Panegyrick Ode,
No modern poet dares to ride
Without Apollo by his side;
Nor in a sonnet take the air,
Unless his Lady Muse be there.
She, from some Amaranthine grove,
Where little Loves and Graces rove,
The laurel to my lord must bear,
Or garlands make for whores to wear;
She, with soft elegiac verse,
Must grace some mighty villain's herse;
Or for some infant doom'd by Fate,
To wallow in a large estate,
With rhimes the cradle must adorn
To tell the World a Fool is born.

Since thence our Critic Lords expect
No hardy poet should reject
Establish'd maxims, or presume
To place much better in their room,
By Nature fearful, I submit,
And in this dearth of sense and wit,
With nothing done, and little said,
(By wild excursive Fancy led
Into a second book thus far,
Like some unwary traveller,
Whom varied scenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn,

Deluded from his purpos'd way ;
Whom ev'ry step leads more astray ;
Who gazing round can no where spy,
Or house, or friendly cottage nigh,
And Resolution seems to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke some Goddess to descend,
And help me to my journey's end.
Tho' conscious Arrow all the while,
Hears the petition with a smile,
Before the glass her charms unfolds,
And in herself my Muse beholds.

Truth, Goddess of celestial birth,
But little lov'd, or known on earth,
Whose pow'r but seldom rules the heart ;
Whose name, with hypocritic art,
An errant stalking horse is made,
A snug pretence to drive a trade,
An instrument convenient grown
To plant, more firmly, Falshood's throne,
As rebels varnish o'er their cause
With specious colouring of laws,
And pious traitors draw the knife
In the King's name against his life :
Whether (from cities far away,
Where Fraud and Falshood scorn thy sway)
The faithful nymph's and shepherd's pride,
With Love and Virtue by thy side,
Your hours in harmless joys are spent
Amongst the children of Content ;
Or, fond of gait and sport,
You tread the round of England's court ;

Howe'er my Lord may frowning go,
And treat the stranger as a foe,
Sure to be found a welcome guest
In George's and in Charlotte's breast;
If, in the giddy hours of youth,
My constant soul adher'd to truth;
If from the time I first wrote man,
I still pursu'd thy sacred plan,
Tempted by interest in vain
To wear mean Falshood's golden chain;
If, for a season drawn away,
Starting from Virtue's path astray,
All low disguise I scorn to try,
And dar'd to sin, but not to lie;
Hither, O hither, condescend,
Eternal truth, thy steps to bend,
And favour him who ev'ry hour,
Confesses and obeys thy pow'r!

But come not with that easy mein,
By which you won the lively Dean;
Nor yet assume that strumpet air,
Which Rabelais taught the first to wear;
Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
Which with Cervantes gave thee grace;
But come in sacred vesture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly sad!

Far from thy seemly matron train
Be idiot mirth and laughter vain!
For Wit and Humour, which pretend
At once to please us and amend,

They are not for my present turn,
Let them remain in France with Sterne.

Of noblest city parents born,
Whom wealth and dignities adorn,
Who still one constant tenor keep,
Nor quite awake, nor quite asleep,
With thee, let formal Dulness come,
And deep Attention ever dumb;
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilst ev'ry circumstance she weighs;
Whose down-cast eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground;
Or, to some outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind;
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But stupid without vision stares.
Thy steps let Gravity attend,
Wisdom's and Truth's unerring friend;
For one may see with half an eye,
That Gravity can never lie;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With solemn proof proclaims him wise.

Free from all waggeries and sports,
The produce of luxurious courts,
Where Sloth and Lust enervate youth,
Come thou, a down-right City Truth;
The City, which we ever find
A sober pattern for mankind;
Where man, in equilibrio hung,
Is seldom old, and never young;

And from the cradle to the grave,
Not Virtue's friend, nor Vice's slave;
As dancers on the wire we spy,
Hanging between the earth and sky.

She comes——I see her from afar,
Bending her course to Temple-bar:
All sage and silent is her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain;
Such as may suit a parson's wear,
And fit the head-piece of a Mayor.

By Truth inspir'd, our Bacon's force
Open'd the way to Learning's source;
Boyle thro' the works of Nature ran;
And Newton, something more than man,
Div'd into Nature's hidden springs,
Laid bare the principles of things;
Above the earth our spirits bore,
And gave us worlds unknown before.
By Truth inspir'd, when Lauder's spight
O'er Milton cast the vail of Night,
Douglas arose, and thro' the maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Came where the subtle traitor lay,
And dragg'd him trembling to the day;
Whilst he (O shame to noblest parts,
Dishonour to the lib'ral arts,
To traffic in so vile a scheme!)
Whilst he, our letter'd Polypheme,
Who had confederate forces join'd,
Like a base coward skulk'd behind.

By Truth inspir'd, our critics go
 To trace Fingal in Highland snow,
 To form their own and others Creed
 From Manuscripts they cannot read.
 By Truth inspir'd, we numbers see
 Of each profession and degree,
 Gentle and Simple, Lord and Cit,
 Wit without wealth, wealth without wit;
 When Punch and Sheridan have done,
 To Fanny's Ghostly Lectures run.
 By Truth and Fanny now inspir'd,
 I feel my glowing bosom fir'd;
 Desire beats high in ev'ry vein
 To sing the spirit of Cock-Lane;
 To tell (just as the measure flows
 In halting rhyme, half verse half prose)
 With more than mortal arts endu'd,
 How She united force withstood,
 And proudly gave a brave defiance
 To Wit and Dulness in alliance.

This apparition (with relation
 To ancient modes of Derivation,
 This we may properly so call,
 Although it ne'er appears at all,
 As by the way of *Innuendo*
 Lucus is made *a non lucendo*)
 Superior to the vulgar mode,
 Nobly disdains that servile road,
 Which coward Ghosts, as it appears,
 Have walk'd in full five thousand years,

And for restraint too mighty grown,
Strike out a method of her own.

Others may meanly start away,
Aw'd by the Herald of the Day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freshness of the morning air;
May vanish with the melting gloom,
And glide in silence to the tomb;
She dares the Sun's most piercing light,
And knocks by day as well as Night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their visits pay to one or two;
She, great in reputation grown,
Keeps the best company in town.
Our active enterprising Ghost,
As large and splendid routs can boast
As those which, rais'd by Pride's command,
Block up the passage thro' the Strand.

Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who serv'd their time on the Parade;
She Saints, who, true to pleasure's plan,
Talk about God, and lust for man:
Wits, who believe nor God, nor Ghost,
And Fools, who worship every post;
Cowards, whose lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why;
And Cits, who for the same cause cry;
The canting Tabernacle brother,
(For one rogue still suspects another;)

Ladies, who to a Spirit fly,
Rather than with their Husbands ly;
Lords, who as chastely pass their lives
With other women as their Wives;
Proud of their intellects and clothes,
Physicians, Lawyers, Parsons, Beaux;
And, truant from their desks and shops,
Spruce Temple Clerks, and 'Prentice Fops,
To Fanny come, with the same view,
To find her false, or find her true.

Hark! something creeps about the house!
Is it a Spirit or a Mouse?
Hark! something scratches round the room!
A Cat, a Rat, a stubb'd Birch-Broom.
Hark! on the wainscot now it knocks!
If thou'rt a Ghost, cry'd Orthodox,
With that affected solemn air
Which Hypocrites delight to wear,
And all those forms of consequence
Which fools adopt instead of sense;
If thou'rt a Ghost, who from the tomb
Stalk'd sadly silent thro' this gloom,
In breach of Nature's stated laws,
For good, or bad, or for no cause;
Give now nine knocks; like Priests of old,
Nine we a sacred number hold.

'Psha, cry'd Profound, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the curious arts,
Who to their hidden springs had trac'd
The force of Numbers rightly plac'd)

As to the Number, you are right;
 As to the form, mistaken quite.
 What's Nine!—Your Adepts all agree,
 The Virtue lies in Three times Three.

He said, no need to say it twice;
 For thrice she knock'd, and thrice, and thrice.

The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
 In silence at each other gaz'd;
 From Cælia's hand the Snuff-box fell;
 Tinsel, who ogled with the Belle,
 To pick it up attempts in vain;
 He stoops, but cannot rise again.
Immane Pomposo was not heard
 T' import one crabbed foreign word;
 Fear seizes Heroes, Fools, and Wits,
 And Plausible his pray'rs forgets.

At length, as people just awake,
 Into wild dissonance they break;
 All talk'd at once, but not a word
 Was understood, or plainly heard.
 Such is the noise of chatt'ring Geese
 Slow sailing on the Summer breeze;
 Such is the language Discord speaks
 In Welsh women o'er beds of Leeks;
 Such the confus'd and horrid sounds
 Of Irish in Potatoe grounds.

But tir'd, for even C——'s tongue
 Is not on iron hinges hung,

Fear and Confusion sound retreat,
Reason and Order take their seat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the causes out.
For this a sacred rule we find
Among the nicest of mankind,
Which never might exception brook
From Hobbes, even down to Bolingbroke.
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unless they know the causes too.

Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who to prevent all farther pothor,
Probably meant nor one nor t'other;
Who to be silent always loth,
Would speak on either side, or both;
Who led away by love of Fame,
If any new idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always said it,
Nor with an eye to truth, but credit;
For Orators profess, 'tis known,
Talk not for our sake, but their own;
Who always shew'd his talents best
When serious things were turn'd to jest,
And, under much impertinence,
Possess'd no common share of sense;
Who could deceive the flying hours,
With chat on butterflies and flow'rs;
Could talk of Powder, Patches, Paint,
With the same zeal as of a Saint;

Could prove a Sybil brighter far,
Than Venus or the Morning Star;
Whilst something still so gay, so new,
The smile of approbation drew,
And Females eye'd the charming man,
Whilst their hearts flutter'd with their fan,
Trifle, who would by no means miss
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his usual plan,
Smil'd, stroak'd his chin, and thus began:

With Sheers, or Scissars, Sword, or Knife,
(When the Fates cut the thread of life,
For if we to the grave are sent,
No matter with what instrument)
The body in some lonely spot,
On dung-hill vile is laid to rot,
Or sleeps among more holy dead,
With pray'rs irreverently read;
The soul is sent, where Fate ordains,
To reap rewards, to suffer pains.

The virtuous to those mansions go,
Where pleasure unimbitter'd flow,
Where leading up a jocund band,
Vigour and youth dance hand in hand;
Whilst Zephyr with harmonious gales,
Pipes softest music thro' the vales,
And Spring and Flora gayly crown'd,
With velvet carpets spread the ground,
With livelier blush where roses bloom,
And ev'ry shrub inspires perfume,

Where chrystal streams meandering glide,
Where warbling flows the amber tide,
Where other Suns dart brighter beams,
And light thro' purer æther streams.

Far other seats, far different state,
The sons of Wickedness await.
Justice (not that old Hag I mean,
Who's nightly in the garden seen,
Who lets no spark of mercy rise
For crimes, by which men lose their eyes;
Nor Her, who with an equal hand,
Weighs tea and sugar in the Strand:
Nor Her, who, by the world deem'd wise,
Deaf to the Widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainst the starving Orphan's tears,
On pawns her base tribunal rears:
But Her, who, after Death presides,
Whom sacred Truth unerring guides,
Who free from partial influence,
Nor sinks, nor raises evidence;
Before whom nothing's in the dark,
Who takes no bribe, and keeps no clerk)
Justice, with equal scale below,
In due proportion weighs out woe,
And always with such lucky aim
Knows punishments so fit to frame,
That she augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reason to complain.

Old maids and rakes are join'd together,
Coquettes and prudes, like April weather;

Wit's forc'd to chum with Common-Sense,
 And Lust is yok'd to Impotence.
 Professors (Justice so decreed)
 Unpaid, must constant lectures read ;
 On earth it often doth befall,
 They're paid, and never read at all.
 Parsons must practise what they teach,
 And B—ps are compell'd to preach.

She, who on earth was nice and prim,
 Of delicacy full, and whim,
 Whose tender nature could not bear
 The rudeness of the churlish air,
 Is doom'd, to mortify her pride,
 The change of weather to abide,
 And sells, whilst tears with liquor mix,
 Burnt brandy on the shore of Styx.

Avaro, by long use grown bold
 In ev'ry ill which brings him gold ;
 Who his Redeemer would pull down,
 And sell his God for half a crown ;
 Who, if some blockhead should be willing
 To lend him on his soul a shilling,
 A well-made bargain would esteem it,
 And have more sense than to redeem it ;
 Justice shall in those shades confine,
 To drudge for Plutus in the mine,
 All the day long to toil and rore,
 And cursing work the stubborn ore,
 For Coxcombs here, who have no brains,
 Without a sixpence for his pains.

Thence, with each due return of Night,
Compell'd, the tall, thin, half-starv'd Sprite
Shall earth re-vist, and survey
The place where once his treasure lay;
Shall view the stall, where holy pride,
With letter'd ignorance allied,
Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
Descended to another Lord.
Then shall He screaming pierce the air,
Hang his lank jaws, and scowl despair;
Then shall He ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, sink to Hell for ease.

Those, who on earth thro' life have past,
With equal pace, from first to last;
Nor vex'd with passions, nor with spleen,
Insipid, easy, and serene;
Whose heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of business, or of care;
Who without Merit, without Crime,
Contriv'd to while away their time;
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wits,
Mild Justice, with a smile, permits
Still to pursue their darling plan,
And find amusement how they can,

The Beau, in gaudiest plumage drest,
With lucky Fancy, o'er the rest
Of air a curious mantle throws,
And chats among his brother beaux;
Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
No sign of rain or tempest near;

Encourag'd by the cloudless day,
Like gilded butterflies at play,
So lively all, so gay, so brisk,
In air they flutter, float, and frisk.

The Belle (what mortal doth not know,
Belles after death admire a Beau?)
With happy grace renews her art,
To trap the Coxcomb's wand'ring heart;
And after death, as whilst they live,
A heart is all which Beaux can give.

In some still, solemn, sacred shade,
Behold a group of Authors laid,
News-paper wits, and sonneteers,
Gentleman bards, and rhiming peers,
Biographers, whose wond'rous worth
Is scarce rememb'ed now on earth,
Whom Fielding's humour led astray,
And plaintive fops, debauch'd by Gray;
All sit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and sing.

On his own works, with lawrel crown'd,
Neatly and elegantly bound,
(For this is one of many rules
With writing lords and laureat fools,
And which for ever must succeed
With other lords who cannot read,
However destitute of wit,
To make their works for book-case fit)

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Acknowledg'd Master of those seats,
Cibber his birth-day odes repeats.

With Triumph now possess that seat,
With triumph now thy odes repeat,
Unrivall'd Vigils proudly keep,
Whilst ev'ry hearer's lull'd to sleep;
But know, illustrious Bard, when Fate,
Which still pursues thy name with hate,
The Regal Laurel blasts, which now
Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
Low must descend thy Pride and Fame,
And Cibber's be the second Name,

Here Trifle cough'd (for coughing still,
Bears witness of the Speaker's skill;
A necessary piece of art,
Of Rhet'ric an essential part;
And Adepts in the speaking trade
Keep a Cough by them ready made,
Which they successfully dispense
When at a loss for words or sense)
Here Trifle cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He strove to recollect his smile,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
Credulity, the Child of Folly,
Begot on Cloyster'd Melancholy,
Who heard, with grief, the florid fool
Turn sacred things to ridicule,
And saw him led by Whim away,
Still farther from the subject stray,

Just in the happy nick, aloud,
In shape of M—e, address'd the crowd :

Were we with patience here to sit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of wit,
Till Trifle his harangue should end,
A Greenland Night we might attend ;
Whilst He, with fluency of speech,
Would various mighty nothings teach.
(Here Trifle, sternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a Frown ;
But Nature, unawares stept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a Grin)
And when, in Fancy's Chariot hurl'd,
We had been carried round the world,
Involv'd in error still and doubt,
He'd leave us where we first set out.
Thus Soldiers (in whose exercise
Material use with grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to set them down again.

Believe ye not (yes, all I see
In sound belief concur with me)
That Providence, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, this Spirit sends !
Tho' speechless lay the trembling tongue,
Your Faith was on your Features hung.
Your Faith I in your eyes could see,
When all were pale and star'd like me.
But scruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry shadow of dispute,

Pomposo, Plausible, and I,
With Fanny, have agreed to try
A deep concerted scheme. This night,
To fix, or to destroy Her quite.
If it be true, before we've done,
We'll make it glaring as the Sun;
If it be false, admit no doubt,
Ere Morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of death,
Where Fanny now depriv'd of breath,
Lies fest'ring, whilst her troubled Sprite
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will we descend, and bring from thence
Proofs of such force to common sense,
Vain triflers shall no more deceive,
And Atheists tremble, and believe.

He said, and ceas'd; the chamber rung
With due applause from ev'ry tongue.
The mingled sound (now let me see,
Something by way of Simile)
Was it more like Strymonian cranes,
Or winds low murm'ring, when it rains,
Or drowsy hum of clust'ring bees,
Or the hoarse roar of angry seas?
Or (still to heighten and explain,
For else our Simile is vain)
Shall we declare it, like all four,
A scream, a murmur, hum, and roar?

Let Fancy now in awful state
Present this great Triumvirate,

(A method which receiv'd we find
In other cases by mankind)
Elected with a joint consent,
All Fools in town to represent.

The clock strikes twelve—M—r starts and swears.
In oaths we know, as well as pray'rs,
Religion lies, and a church brother
May use at will or one or t'other.
Plausible, from his cassack, drew
A holy Manuel, seeming new ;
A book it was of private pray'r,
But not a pin the worse for wear ;
For, as we by the bye may say,
None but small saints in private pray.
Religion, fairest maid on earth,
As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that blest union, when in heaven
Pleasure was bride to Virtue given ;
Religion, ever pleas'd to pray,
Possess'd the precious gift one day ;
Hypocrisy, of cunning borne,
Crept in and stole it ere the morn.
Wh—te—d, that greatest of all saints,
Who always prays, and never faints ;
Whom she to her own brothers bore,
Rapine and lust, on Severn's shore,
Receiv'd it from the squinting dame ;
From him to Plausible it came,
Who with unusual care oppress,
Now trembling, pull'd it from his breast.

Doubts in his boding heart arise,
And fancied spectres blast his eyes.
Devotion springs from abject fear,
And stamps his pray'rs for once sincere.

Pomposo (insolent and loud,
Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,
Whose very name inspires an awe,
Whose ev'ry word is sense and law ;
For what his greatness hath decreed,
Like laws of Persia and of Mede,
Sacred thro' all th' realm of wit,
Must never of repeal admit ;
Who, cursing flatt'ry, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning flatt'ring fool ;
Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
And sickens at another's praise ;
Who, proudly seiz'd of learning's throne,
Now damns all learning but his own ;
Who scorns those common wares to tread in,
Reas'ning, convincing, and persuading,
But makes each sentence current pass,
With puppy, coxcomb, scoundrel, ass ;
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The folly's prov'd when he calls fool ;
Who, to increase his native strength,
Draws words six syllables in length,
With which, assisted with a frown
By way of club, he knocks us down ;
Who 'bove the vulgar dares to rise,
And sense and decency defies ;

For this same Decency is made
 Only for bunglers in the trade;
 And, like the cobweb laws, is still
 Broke thro' by great ones when they will)
 Pomposo, with strong sense supplied,
 Supported, and confirm'd by Pride,
 His comrade's terrors to beguile,
 Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile:
 Features so horrid, were it light,
 Would put the devil himself to flight.

Such were the Three in name and worth,
 Whom Zeal and Judgment singled forth
 To try the Sprite on Reason's plan,
 Whether it was of God or Man.

Dark was the night, it was that hour,
 When Terror reigns in fullest pow'r;
 When, as the learn'd of old have said,
 The yawning grave gives up her dead;
 When Murder, Rapine by her side,
 Stalks o'er the earth with giant-stride;
 Our Quixotes (for that knight of old
 Was not in truth by half so bold,
 Tho' Reason at the same time cries,
 Our Quixotes are not half so wise,
 Since they, with other follies, boast
 An expedition 'gainst a Ghost)
 Thro' the dull deep surrounding gloom,
 In close array, to'ards Fanny's tomb
 Adventur'd forth—Caution before,
 With heedful step, the lanthorn bore,

Pointing at graves ; and in the rear,
Trembling, and talking loud, went Fear.
The church-yard teem'd—th' unsettled ground,
As in an ague, shook around ;
While in some dreary vault confin'd,
Or riding in the hollow wind,
Horror, which turns the heart to stone,
In dreadful sounds was heard to groan.
All staring, wild, and out of breath,
At length they reach the place of death.

A Vault it was, long time applied
To hold the last remains of Pride :
No beggar there, of humble race,
And humble fortunes, finds a place.
To rest in pomp, as well as ease
The only way's to pay the fees.
Fools, rogues, and whores, if rich and great,
Proud even in death, here rot in state.
No thieves disrobe the well-drest dead,
No plumbers steal the sacred lead ;
Quiet and safe the bodies lie,
No Sextons sell, no Surgeons buy.

Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd.
And thrice to turn it vainly try'd ;
'Till taught by Prudence to unite,
And straining with collected might,
The stubborn wards resist no more,
But open flies the growling door.

Three paces back they fell amaz'd,
 Like statues stood, like madmen gaz'd;
 The frighted blood forsakes the face,
 And seeks the heart with quicker pace;
 The throbbing heart its fears declares,
 And upright stand the bristled hairs;
 The head in wild distraction swims;
 Cold sweats bedew the trembling limbs;
 Nature, whilst fears her bosom chill,
 Suspends her pow'rs, and life stands still.

Thus had they stood till now, but shame
 (An useful, tho' neglected dame
 By Heav'n design'd the friend of man,
 Tho' we degrade her all we can,
 And strive, as our first proof of wit,
 Her name of Nature to forget)
 Came to their aid in happy hour,
 And with a wand of mighty pow'r
 Struck on their hearts; vain fears subside,
 And baffled leave the field to Pride.

Shall they, (forbid it Fame) shall they
 The dictates of vile Fear obey?
 Shall they, the idols of the Town,
 To bugbears Fancy form'd bow down?
 Shall they, who greatest zeal express,
 And undertook for all the rest;
 Whose matchless courage all admire,
 Inglorious from the task retire?
 How would the wicked ones rejoice,
 And Infidels exalt their voice,

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If M——e and Plausible were found,
By shadows aw'd to quit their ground;
How would fools laugh, should it appear
Pomposo was the slave of fear?

"Perish the thought! tho' to our eyes
"In all its terrors Hell should rise;
"Tho' thousand ghosts, in dread array,
"With glaring eye-balls cross our way;
"Tho' Caution, trembling, stands aloof,
"Still we will on, and dare the proof."
They said; and without farther halt,
Dauntless march'd onward to the Vault.

What mortal men, whoe'er drew breath,
Shall break into the house of Death
With foot unhallow'd, and from thence
The myst'ries of that state dispense,
Unless they, with due rites, prepare
Their weaker sense such sights to bear,
And gain permission from the state,
On earth their journal to relate?
Poets themselves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it even in rhyme,
But always, on such grand occasion,
Prepare a solemn Invocation,
A Poesy for grim Pluto weave,
And in smooth numbers ask his leave.
But why this Caution? why prepare
Rites, needless now? for thrice in air
The Spirit of the Night hath sneez'd,
And thrice hath clap'd his wings well-pleas'd.

Descend then, Truth, and guard thy side,
My Muse, my Patroness, and guide!
Let others at Invention aim,
And seek by fallacies for fame:
Our story wants not at this time,
Flounces and Furbelows in rhyme;
Relate plain facts; be brief and bold;
And let the Poets, fam'd of old,
Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
In vain to find a Parallel:
Silent all Three went In, about
All Three turn'd silent, and came Out.

THE END OF VOLUME I

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